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THE MOST RECENT CONCLUSIONS OF GERMAN SCHOLARSHIP ON THE B.-S. QUESTION

PROFESSOR GUSTAVE HOLZER, of Heidelberg, is one of the most earnest and enlightened Baconians in Germany. He has already published two pamphlets referring especially to the interior significance of the *Tempest*, some account of which has appeared in BACONIANA. He has now contributed a succession of three papers to the *Südwest Deutsche Schulblätter*, a monthly organ of teachers and University scholars in Baden, Wurtemburg, &c. The first of these appears in the September number, and gives a general *resumé* of the Anti-Shaksperean side of the controversy; the known facts of William Shakspere's life being summarized with the characteristic completeness of German scholarship. We need not reproduce this. After this exhaustive enumeration of facts known about William Shakspere's life, the Professor discusses the enigmatical Stratford monument. Some time after Shakspere's death, says Professor Holzer, the well-known stone bust was placed in the Church, "no one knows by whose direction — *a quo, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando,*—this was done; and on it were the

oft-quoted pompous inscriptions"—the Latin, which is given in its original form, and the English one in Max Koch's German translation. On these inscriptions the writer remarks, "The last-quoted lines bear unmistakable traces of Ben Jonson's mind and style. The bust itself is a coarse, heavy piece of inferior workmanship (*Ein plumpes Machwerk*). Observe only the assuming expression, the sullen self-satisfaction of the self-made gentleman. The left hand rests on a packet of writings (for he really was a writer!); in his right hand (fortunately not in the left) he holds his 'mighty pen,' and is writing—*on the cushion.* . . . Surely some waggish Puck must be behind the scenes—some jester; perhaps the Keeper of the Great Seals had something to do with it. *Mundus vult decipi*—and the skilful imitator of many pens has been here practising the arts in which his dexterity had been so often proved." On all the biographic particulars about Shakspere, Professor Holzer comments with scholarly insight:—

"Can it possibly be that not one original authentic written line, no genuine transcript of the Dramas, not a trace of the 'sugared' sonnets which were addressed to many different people of high rank—that nothing of this kind has come down to posterity? Was there a general conspiracy, *de parti convenu*, to extinguish and annihilate all this, merely that that respectable person, William Shakspere, might not be compromised? And pray what earthly reason had William Shakspere for secrecy? Why should *he* conceal the fact that he was a great poet? Why hide *his* light under a bushel? Then, also, we have not a single book, with perhaps some wise words or some autograph, showing it was given by or given to this great man. What has become of the large library which the Shakespeare poet *must* have possessed, out of which in his hours of study and seclusion he gathered his all embracing knowledge?

All burnt up! Consumed with the Globe Theatre, together with the priceless manuscripts and theatre books: and probably all burnt once more in the great fire of London: and then again burnt quite irretrievably in some Stratford conflagration! Spiteful, envious, scarcely conceivable fate! But after all, William Shakspere's house was *not* burnt when his books were!!"

Then, again, we have no glimpse of work, of quiet, earnest study in William Shakspere's life. All that we actually know points only to practical matters—to money-making; there is plenty of prose, no poetry, not a trace of information about his presumed correspondence with the great men of his time—men whom he met at Court or in society. Ben Jonson calls him a straw thing—a mere dummy. Except as an actor for the entertainment of Elizabeth or James, he was not likely ever to go to Court. If he had, some reference would assuredly have come down to us in the surviving State papers, full as they are of detail about all Court happenings; or in the records of a time so full of action, writing, and correspondence. He was, so far as we know, a handsome, clever man, a competent and discerning theatre manager and shareholder, and became gradually, as a player, a rich and substantial citizen. And in due time he satisfied his heart's desire, and became a certificated gentleman—most likely through the assistance and advocacy of his patron and double—to the great gratification also of his family and friends. This is William Shakspere as portrayed by authentic, genuine documents. The theatre was, evidently, only a milking cow. Hamlet said of his actor, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" And William Shakspere would say much the same thing.

We may easily suppose that Dr. Hall, Shakspere's

son-in-law, would have no objection to the nimbus of glory that had lighted upon his family; and the respectable Stratford townsmen—even those who could not read—good-natured, keen men of business, would chuckle if they were told that their rich fellow-townsman and boon companion was regarded in the great world yonder as a remarkable jay in peacock's feathers. And would William Shakspere, under some sort of obligation to hold his tongue, disclose the real nature of these circumstances? Apart from ingeniously devised tradition, including the enigmatical Stratford Memorial, as well as the seven introductory poems in the 1623 Folio, there is *no* documentary information, not a single authentic statement, not one wretchedly written line by William Shakspere himself, handed down to posterity (and that from a time when printing and writing were abundant), that furnishes any matter-of-fact, indisputable proof that William Shakspere was really a poet. The Stratford Memorial is destitute of those indispensable marks of verisimilitude which entitle it to be accepted as evidence. Professor Holzer continues:—

"The judgment of scepticism must contend that if the asserted poetic gifts of William Shakspere are genuine facts, it is a phenomenon standing by itself, unsampled by experience. In nature, in the actual world as we know it, such a fact is non-existent. All that Shakspere research has professed to discover since the time of Nicholas Rowe (1709) up to to-day about Shakspere's genius, his wonderful knowledge, the greatness of his mind, his devotion to and skill in the work he accomplished, his noble character, his many virtues, etc., all that is written in a thousand books and has been spoken in ten thousand orations, are merely ingenious and more or less accurate echoes and reflections of the writings of the poet, and as such

worthy of all acceptation and recognition. But so far as the actor William Shakspere is concerned these *ex post facto* deductions (Rückschlüsse) are absolutely frail, unsupported, unscientific, spider-woven creations, insignificant inferences, unwarranted deductions, only *argumenta a silentio.* Very easy and very convenient it is to spin out arguments of this sort about that of which history supplies nothing definite, nothing documentary. We may use our faculties of combining, speculating, and fancying to any extent we please—there is no limit. Cleverly excogitated results derived from the plays, the sonnets, &c., nicely set down in order according to inner and outer schemes of arrangement, we may construct at pleasure; but it is an air-drawn fabric, hanging upon nothing. Thereupon follow those well-known charming, captivating, fancy-begotten, conventional, hackneyed — ultimately nauseating — fashions and generalities of which there is no end. Worse still, the result is, that false, misguding representations of the personality of the poet are spread abroad, and work unspeakable mischief."

The October continuation of Professor Holzer's survey of the "Bacon-Shakespeare Frage" discusses the known facts about the poet whom we know as William Shakespeare, and the more or less successful attempts made by Baconians to fill up the gap left by all previous biographers of Bacon in the earlier part of his life—between 1579 and 1592. Professor Holzer points to the researches and studies of some English and American Baconians directed especially to this point, especially mentioning Parker Woodward, R. M. Theobald, George Stronach, and G. C. Cuningham. Most of all, he names Rev. Walter Begley as the strongest champion on the Baconian side. "By the unwearied researches of Begley, too early snatched away by the inexorable stroke of death, a hitherto unknown

biography of Bacon has been discovered, by which earlier records have been partly confirmed and partly completed. This most important discovery, *Histoire Naturelle*, edited by Pierre Amboise . . . was nothing to do with Begley ! !

Space does not allow any extended notice of Professor Holzer's *precis* of the additions to Bacon biography thus supplied, nor is it necessary, as both Mr. Begley's book and articles in BACONIANA contain all this in a form easily accessible to our readers. In a footnote, Professor Holzer puts the orthodox view of the case in a striking and amusing way. "We are soberly asked to believe that Will Shakspere, of Stratford, when a youngster of fifteen, came across Stephen Gosson's pamphlet, the 'School of Abuse,' and other critical and dramatic writings. He was greatly influenced by them—indignant with some, inspired by others, and he at once resolved to denounce the 'hypocritical saints,' and to distance the best of those whom he admired. A little later he jotted down *Venus and Adonis*, as a result of his own life's experiences, and he carefully stuck the manuscript into his pocket when he journeyed to London—a remarkable forecast of our own pocket editions." Professor Holzer's third and concluding article does not need any extended notice from us. It is concerned entirely with the historical side of the question, and especially with the 32 Noctes Verulamiani, and Ben Jonson's poem prefixed to the 1,623 Folio—some of which poems the Professor translates. We think the Professor should add another chapter to his summary of evidence, and show what a vast mass is contained on the literary side —the countless indications of identity of thought, language, knowledge, that have been pointed out by Baconians. Perhaps this will be supplied when the series is published in a separate volume. No one is

better qualified to do this than Professor Holzer. His command of the English language is perfect, and he knows that many Baconians regard the literary side of the controversy as at once the most interesting and the most valuable, the most conclusive of all. Its evidence is unimpeachable, and its value in the analysis of Elizabethan literature cannot be over estimated.

Professor Holzer has a very capable fellow-champion in Dr. W. Ihne, son of a former Professor of German in England, who has had some share in the footnote which we have quoted. Evidently our German colleagues have taken a pretty accurate measure of both Baconian and orthodox research, and can visit with deserved ridicule the perpetually renewed attempts of Shakespearean critics to construct Shakspere's life-story out of their own inner consciousness. These fictitious biographies are neither so amusing nor so instructive as most historical novels; and so the world is beginning to discover. Sir Walter Scott is a better novel writer than Sidney Lee.

R. M. Theobald.

ROBERT GREENE

NOVELS and light literature published as from the pen of the above person occupied the attention of the Elizabethan reading public from 1580 to 1600. Yet practically nothing is known about Greene.

The dates and places of his birth, marriage, death and burial are not known.

There is no evidence as to who were his parents, his wife, or child, nor where he was educated. A suggestion which may yet be verified from college records is that a certain Robert Greene entered St. John's College, Cambridge, on 26th November, 1575, as a serving scholar, and proceeded B.A., 1578-9. But no college record has yet been vouched to show that he graduated M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583. A tale entitled *Mamillia*, 2nd part, was entered S.R. on 6th Sept., 1583, but was not published until 1593, a date later than Greene's alleged death. This work is dedicated "from my studie in Clare Hall. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge." Yet *Mamillia*, 1st part, entered S.R. 3rd Oct., 1580, was printed 1583, as by Robert Greene, Graduate in Cambridge.

Greene may have taken his M.A., and may have been at Clare Hall, but sufficient proof is not yet forthcoming.

According to the Biliteral Cipher Story of Francis Bacon, Greene was one of Bacon's literary screens or masks. This is what he says:—

"Several small works under no name won worthy praise. Next in Spenser's name also they ventured into an unknown world. When I at length having written in divers stiles, found three who for sufficient reward in gold, added to an immediate renowne as good pens willingly put forth all workes which I had composed, I was bolder."—*Deciphered from Novum Organum*, 1620.

"Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe have sold me theirs."—*Deciphered from Jonson's Works, Folio* 1616.

It is the fashion to descry the alleged cipher and its story. Those who have the moral courage to accept the cipher for a moment, if only as a working hypothesis, may be disposed to follow this article to its end, and I promise they will be interested.

The cipher allegation is consistent with Greene, "the putter forth," having been the serving scholar of St. John's, who drifted from Cambridge to London in search of employment, and he may even have taken holy orders. Computing the age of the young serving scholar as fourteen when he entered St. John's, Cambridge, he would, in 1583, when he came to London, be about the same age as young Bacon. Harvey states (*Four Letters*) that Greene died under the age of twenty-nine.

Bacon had, I think, already published *Euphues* (1579), in the pen-name of Lyly, and *Shepheard's Calendar* (1580) in the name of Immerito. But the *Mirror of Modesty* entered S.R. in April, 1579, and *Mamillia*, 1st part, entered S.R. 1580, seem to have been kept back from the printer until 1583 and the next year, when Greene became available and willing to act as sponsor. The suggestion that the *Mirror of Modesty* and *Mamillia*, 1st part, were written by Greene at Cambridge does not accord with the sort of confession entitled *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, printed in 1592, in which it is stated that he left Cambridge and spent a long time on the Continent, then returned, "and after I had *by degrees* proceeded Maister of Arts I left the University and away to London where . . . I became an author of plays and a penner of love pamphlets."

Francis Bacon left Cambridge at the age of fifteen without taking a degree, and the following year went to France under the best conditions possible for experi-

ence and study, namely, in the train of the English Ambassador.

M. Jusserand, writing of Greene, states, "Learned he was, versed in the Greek, Latin, French and Italian tongues." So was Francis Bacon. Mr. H. C. Hart, recently writing in Notes and Queries, remarked that Greene was a versatile genius. Mr. Spedding claimed this concerning Bacon. "Proverbial philosophy is unusually rampant in Greene's method," says Mr. Hart. The same may be said of Bacon's method.

Greene alludes in his *Vision* to the importance of men of first-class abilities using them in persuading men to honest and honorable actions. Bacon in his references to the Orpheus legend urges a similar line of conduct.

We find Greene, like Bacon, continually utilising and incorporating the work of other men. Bacon admitted that he lit his torch at every man's candle. Tieck, the German critic, thought some of Greene's lines the work of the youthful Shakespeare.

Storenjoko, the Russian critic, was struck with the astounding resemblance between Greene's *Philomela* and Shakespeare's *Imogen*. Professor Brown affirmed that in style Greene was the father of Shakespeare.

Mr. White assigned to Greene the authorship of *Loves Labour Lost* and *Comedy of Errors*. Gabriel Harvey, his clever contemporary, accused Greene of being the ape of Euphues. Harvey, in 1589, wrote of Euphues as "young Euphues" when the first work of that name was printed in 1579. At that time Francis would be nineteen. There is, at present, no deciphered claim of *Euphues* as an early work of Bacon, though I think it will turn out to be such. Harvey, writing to *Immerito* in 1580, refers to him as "so honest a youth in the city, so true a gallant in the Court so toward a lawyer and so witty a gentleman."

It is to be noticed that the writer of the works ascribed to Greene was a lawyer also.

If Bacon was the writer there is no incongruity.

Here are some instances of legal phraseology :—

"Mark the words, tis a lease parol to have and to hold."—*Looking Glass for England.*

"This lease this manor or this patent sealed."—*James IV.*

"I have left thee by my last Will and Testament only heir and sole executor of all my lands and moveables yet with this proviso."—*Mamillia,* 2nd part.

"Neither is the defendant overthrown at the first plea of the plaintiff.—*Ditto.*

According to the so-called *Repentance* and other confessional works in Greene's name, *Greene makes himself out to have been a licentious vagabond,* and writes an elaborate apology for his life, urging others to take warning from his example, and improve their own conduct. I quote the words, putting in italics a few which seem equivocal :—

"*But however my life hath beene* let my repentant end be a generall example to all the youth in England to obey their parentes to flie whoredome drunkenness swearing blaspheming contempt of the word and such grevous and grosse sinnes least they bring their parents' heads with sorrow to their graves and leaste (with mee) they be a blemish to their kindred and to their posteritie for ever."

Yet, when we examine the few contemporary descriptions of Greene, we find the witnesses as respectfully complimentary of him as Gabriel Harvey, the brilliant young Cambridge Lecturer, was of "Immerito" (Two Letters of Notable Contents).

This is what Chettle said (*Kind Hearts Dream,* 1592) :—

"A man of indifferent yeares, of face amiable, of body well proportioned, his attire after the habit of a scholarlike gentleman only his hair was somewhat long."

In Greene's *Funeralls*, 1594, R.B. says :—

"Greene pleased the eies of all that lookt upon him."

. . . . .

"For judgment Jove for learning deepe he still Apollo seemde
For fluent tongue for eloquence, men Mercury him deemde
For curtesie suppose him Guy or Guyons somewhat lesse
His life and manners though I would I cannot halfe expresse
Nor mouth nor mind nor Muse can halfe declare
His life his love his laude so excellent they were."

What Harvey said to the contrary was only part of the collaborated joking in which Harvey took a full share. Harvey pretended that he was "altogether unacquainted with the man."

Other things being equal, these encomiums would accord with a fair description of young Francis Bacon.

In the Martin Mar-Sixtus pamphlet, printed 1592, Greene is referred to as the "red-nosed minister." This clever pamphlet was probably the work of Sir Walter Raleigh, of whose capacity as an author the writer of the *Arte of English Poesie* (1589) speaks cordially. Raleigh may either not have known that Robert the parson was merely a mask for Bacon's work, and, therefore, abused the assumed writer; or I suspect that, as a member of the Court circle, he knew very well Bacon's position in the matter, and joined in the pamphlet warfare for amusement.

There is slight further proof that Greene, the mask, had been a minister in some MS. notes written on the title-page of a 1599 print of the "Pinner of Wakefield," viz.: "Written by . . . a minister who acted the pinner's part in it himself. Teste W. Shakespeare. Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro Greene." Mr. Fleay is disposed to identify Greene with "Robert the parson," one of the players in the Earl of Leicester's company. These actors accompanied the Earl to the Continent in 1586, and if the mask was away, the fact

that in 1586 nothing was printed in the name of Greene is probably thus accounted for. It is possible the real Robert Greene died about 1590-91. Stowe records the burial of a man of that name on 14th November, 1590, at St. Botolfs, Aldersgate. That Francis Bacon appears to have decided about 1591-2 to drop light literature, and let his "Greene" shade die most dramatically in the public eye, has some support from his letter to Burleigh, which Mr. Spedding ascribes to this date.

In this Francis announces that he had vast contemplative ends, and had taken all knowledge for his province. In working out Bacon's resolve to bury himself as Greene, Harvey collaborated. The fictitious autobiography and the pamphleteering between 1591 and 1594, arising out of the "death" of the pseudo Greene, are, I think, the most amusing incidents in Elizabethan literature. From the autobiography and the pamphlets modern biographers and editors have evolved what they honestly supposed to have been correct details of Greene's life. How otherwise could they have passed by the obvious jest in the *Groatsworth of Wit* (1592), in which the supposed dying father remarks of his son: "he is still Greene, and may grow straight." They have also allowed themselves to be imposed upon by Harvey, who stated (*Four Letters*) that Greene had a bastard son, "Infortunatus Greene" (why Greene?) This surely was only a jibe by Harvey at Francis Bacon's fondness (in writing in the name of Greene) of the word "infortunate" (see examples in *Notes and Queries*, by Mr. Hart, 1905, page 81).

Mr. J. P. Collier, always ready to go one better, professed to have found the following entry in the Parish Registry of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, under date 11th August, 1593:—

"Fortunatus Green was buried the same day."

This is likely to be another of Mr. Collier's forgeries and also one of his mistakes, as the name is not correct.

Gabriel Harvey is responsible for further mystification. According to the *Repentance* the following letter was written by Greene on his death-bed :—

"Sweet wife as ever there was any goodwill or friendship between thee and mee see this bearer (my host) satisfied of his debt : I owe him tenne pound and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee and Almighty-God have mercie on my soule.

"Farewell till we meet in heaven for on earth thou shalt never see me more.

"This 2 of September.

"Written by thy dying husband.—*Robert Greene.*"

Harvey, in his *Four Letters*, states that he saw the hostess of the dying Greene, before the 8th September, and that Greene had given his host a bond for ten pounds, *on which* was written the following letter :—

"Doll I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soules rest that thou wilte see this man paid : for if he and his wife had not succoured me I had died in the streetes.—*Robert Greene.*"

There could hardly have been two letters, so that the Harvey-Immerito combination in this instance did not collaborate very well.

The Earl of Leicester died early in 1588, and was succeeded in the Chancellorship at Oxford by Sir Christopher Hatton. In Wood's *Fasti*, following an account of this succession, are two rather significant entries. The first states that in April of that year Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was incorporated M.A., being accounted one of the best poets amongst the nobility of England. The next is, that Robert Greene, M.A., of Cambridge, was also then incorporated.

On the assumption of the cipher story that the

young men Francis Bacon and Robert Devereux were brothers, these entries may represent a bit of pleasantry by Hatton, with whom, as his letters show, Francis was on good terms.

At any rate several works published by Greene subsequent to this date have the reference, "utriusque Academiae in artibus Magister."

The cipher story that Bacon wrote the works ascribed to Greene and Marlowe receives some probably unintended support from recent articles by Mr. H. C. Hart in *Notes and Queries*, July, 1905, to July, 1906.

Mr. Hart shows that from Bowes' 1586 translation of Primaudaye's *French Academy* Greene's excerpts were "frequent and painful and free." Primaudaye's chapter on *Fortune* is virtually annexed by Greene in *Tritameron*, 2nd part (1587), except one passage.

Why did "Greene" omit this passage? Mr. Hart finds the excepted passage used in the play of *Tamburlaine*, afterwards ascribed to "Marlowe."

This points very strongly to the use by one writer of different portions of the book for different purposes. Two persons cribbing from one common source would hardly be so particular.

That "Greene," in *Menaphon*, printed 1589, quotes from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 2nd part, not printed until 1590, rather supports this view. The works of Greene, Bacon, and Shakespeare have much in common, as many critics have noticed.

I content myself with one illustration as sufficient for the limits of my space. For others I refer the reader to Mr. H. Bayley's recent work, *The Shakespeare Symphony*.

"Greene," in *Mamillia*, 2nd part, printed 1590, says:—"I remember the saying of Dante that love cannot roughly be thrust out, but it must easily creep."

In 1619, not printed until after Bacon's death, a letter from him to King James has :—"Love must creep in service where it cannot go."

In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, not printed until 1623—seven years after the ascribed author's death—there is the same sentiment :—

"Love will creep in service where it cannot go."

One day, let us hope, some qualified and courageous literary expert will set to work to dig out England's greatest author and benefactor from the obscurity with which he enshrouded most of his writings. For the credit of English literature the task should not be left to foreign nations.

PARKER WOODWARD.

OVID *cum* SHAKESPEARE, *cum* MARLOWE *cum* BEN JONSON

THE motto which Shakespeare chose for "the first heir of his invention," *Venus and Adonis*, is the following :—

"Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."

This couplet is taken from Ovid's *Amores*, Book I. xv. 36 ; and it is worth notice that this poem is one of those translated by Marlowe, and known as Ovid's Elegies. The translation is very skilful, very accurate, generally very closely literal, so that a struggling student might use Marlowe as a crib in grinding through the *Amores*. These verses are thus rendered by Marlowe :—

"Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muse's springs."

Following Marlowe's translation is one by "B. J.,"

and it appears complete in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*. Jonson's translation of the same couplet is :—

> "Kneel hinds to trash : me let bright Phœbus swell,
> With cups full flowing from the Muse's well."

It is curious and interesting to see Shakespeare and Marlowe and Ben Jonson and Ovid all harnessed together in one team. There are many indications in the Marlowe version of Ovid's *Amores* that Marlowe and Shakespeare are inextricably coupled together ; and that when Marlowe paraphrases, instead of translating literally, Shakespeare uses the same words. Thus, Marlow translates *longas hiemes* (I. viii.) by "winter's lasting rage." "Winter's rages" are heard in *Cymbeline* IV. ii. 260 ; and a close approximation to it in *Sonnet* xiii. :—

> "Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
> And barren rage of death's eternal cold."

And again in Marlowe's *Edward II.* II. i. 61, —

> "The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage."

Rage is a very favourite word with Shakespeare.

In the 13th Elegy Ovid writes, "*Adspice quot somnos juveni donarit amato,—Luna !*" Literally, "See what slumbers the moon bestows on the youth she loves." Marlowe names the youth—

> "The moon sleeps with Endymion every day."

And the same joint slumbers of the moon and Endymion are referred to in *Merch. Ven.* V. i. 109.

The bitter question put by Shylock—"Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?"—is evidently a reflection of the line in Ovid's *Amores* II. ii. 10, "*Quem metuit quisque, perrise cupit,*" which "Marlowe" renders—

> "Believe me whom we fear we wish to perish."

The comparison between death and its "cold image,"

sleep, so frequently repeated, in varied modes of expression, in Shakespeare (see Promus 1204) is derived from Ovid's *Amores* II. ix. 41. *Stulte* [the Promus, as printed, has FALSA : perhaps a misreading of the MS.] *Quid est somnus gelidæ nisi mortis imago ?*—and "Marlowe" translates it, very literally,

> "Fool! What is sleep but image of cold death?"

In the last Elegy of the second book, line 35, we find the words "*Quod sequitur, fugio; Quod fugit, ipse sequor,*" translated by "Marlowe,"

> "What flies, I follow, what follows me I shun."

This recalls the speech of the fourth Counsellor in the *Gesta Grayorum* : "The proverb is a country proverb, but significative, 'Milk the cow that standeth still, why follow you her that flieth away?'" And this, again, recalls the lines in Sonnet 143 :

> "Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
> Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
> To follow that which flies before her face,
> Not prizing her poor infant's discontent.
> So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
> Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee from far behind."

And,

> "Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,
> Pursuing that which flies and flying what pursues."
> —*Mer. V.* II. ii. 187.

These comparisons are pointed out in the translation of the Promus 553. Unfortunately two of the references are wrong; the "SECOND Counsellor" should be the fourth; and the last quotation is given as *Mer. V.* II. 3, instead of II. 2.

The 15th Elegy of the first book also anticipates the sentiment which closes Bacon's Essay of Death :— "Death hath this also: that it openeth the gate to good

fame, and extinguisheth envy." Mr. Reynolds, in his edition of the Essays, quotes the passage from this Elegy:

> "Pascitur in vivis Livor, post fata quiescit,
> Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos."

Translated nearly alike in the two versions—Marlowe's and B. J.'s—

> "Envy the living, not the dead doth bite,
> For after death all men receive their right."

There is another very striking anticipation of Shakespeare in the 14th Elegy of the third book. The subject is described as "Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet," and the whole drift of it, repeatedly expressed with ingenious variations and reiterations, is this:—The poet tell his mistress to hide her frailties if she cannot avoid them. She is to wear modesty as a garment even if it is not a native quality of her character—she is to "put it on" when she dresses,—"*Indue cum tunicis* metuentem crimina vultum." The whole Elegy is well reflected in the speech of Luciana to Antipholus of Syracuse—*Com. Er.* III. ii. 7-28. Both poets tell their wooer to "Muffle your false love with some show of blindness." Both give the counsel that virtue should be assumed even if it is not possessed: Sit tibi mens melior, saltemve imitare pudicas, Teque probam, quamvis non eris, esse putem (13, 14).

> "Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
> Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted;
> Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint."

Both Ovid's Latin and Marlowe's translation are too naked and unabashed for entire quotation. The same advice is given by Hamlet to his mother:—

> "Assume a virtue if you have it not."—*Ham.* III. iv. 160.

And he tells her of custom,

"That to the use of actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on."

Obviously Bacon's philosophy of behaviour, as a dress that can be put on or taken off, is reflected in both these plays, as it is in about fifty passages in Shakspeare (See Chapter VIII. in my "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light"). And it is curiously anticipated by the one word "Indue" in Ovid.

As a sequel to these references to Marlowe's translation of Ovid's Elegies, I am glad to be able to add what Rev. Walter Begley wrote on the same subject. This is the chapter in his uncompleted work on Marlowe.

R. M. Theobald.

Ovid's Elegies: Translated by C. M.

These have been universally attributed to Marlowe, and I should not have thought of raising a doubt if it had not been for my researches into Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*.*

I will only say that Ben Jonson, when he brings Bacon on the stage, at the very beginning of the *Poetaster*, as Ovid Junior, composing a new revised edition of Ovid's fifteenth Elegy, does certainly seem to suggest the Baconian author of these translations, or anyhow of the latter and revised one.

It is against common-sense to suppose that any author intending to turn one of Ovid's Elegies into English verse, should at once take the previous translation of the same Elegy by another author, and, changing only a word or two here and there, put it forth as his own. Nothing can induce belief that Ben Jonson, or B. J., or anyone else except the original author, is responsible

* *Cf.* Is it Shakespeare? Index, &c.

for the second revised version of the first. Whoever wrote the first, wrote the revised also. We have not here two independent attempts by different authors. Whatever, then, was the reason that those two versions should be presented to the public in the second edition of *Hero and Leander* with the title put over the second one, "The same by B. J."—when it must be clear to the common sense of even the uncritical reader that the two versions were from the same pen—only the second had a few verbal and metrical improvements.

It is most amusing to see how the critics are nonplussed by these two Elegies, and at what extraordinary and contradictory conclusions they arrive. Mr. Bullen, the last editor, having had the advantage of perusing his predecessor's amazing attempts, gives us the following footnote to the title of the second version :—"The same by B. J., *i.e.*, Ben Jonson, who afterwards introduced it into the *Poetaster*. This version is merely a revision of the preceding, which *must* also have been written by Ben Jonson. (Not in Isham copy or Ed. A.)." Notice the "*must*," which I have italicised. How categorically and imperatively it settles the question! But Elegy XV., in its first version, was in the original edition and all succeeding ones, and Mr. Bullen will find it rather hard to show how Ben Jonson got this particular Elegy mixed up and printed with Marlowe's when they were first published. Is it supposed that Ben Jonson had any more of his work among Marlowe's Elegies? Ben Jonson and Marlowe never wrote in collaboration, for Jonson was unknown to fame at Marlowe's death and for some little time afterwards.

It really seems as if the Bacon theory is the only one to explain these versions. The matter is simple enough on this supposition, and could be thus explained. Bacon (or Ovid Junior, as Ben Jonson called him), wrote some English translations of a few of Ovid's *Amores*, and

they were printed "at Middleborough," under the title of *Epigrammes and Elegies by J. D. and C. M.* J. D. was the Sir John Davies to whom Bacon, in 1603, wrote the famous letter referring to "concealed poets," and C. M. was supposed to stand for Christopher Marlowe. Not long afterwards another edition appeared—also printed "at Middlesbrough" — containing "All Ovid's Elegies, 3 Books by C. M., Epigrammes by J. D." [There is no date on these books. Col. Cuningham suggests *circa* 1597.] Now we get for the first time the second version of Elegy I. xv., and the initials B. J. given as the author. My suggestion is that both are Bacon's composition, and as he had improved his original version and wished to print it, he was obliged to attribute it to someone, for everyone would know that it could not be Marlowe's, who had been in his grave for several years. Therefore Bacon put some initials to the new production, viz., B. J. (perhaps John Bodenham), which a casual reader might take for Ben Jonson and think no more of it. But on my supposition Ben Jonson would not thus pass it over, for he would know well enough that it was not his, and so I suggest that he made use of his knowledge in the *Poetaster* when he brings before us Ovid Junior, correcting this very Elegy, and saying, "Yes! it shall go so," and it goes into the *Poetaster*, as it had before in the volume. If Jonson had really made the second translation he would not have given it to Ovid Junior, but if he knew the real author of both, then the *Poetaster* makes things perfectly clear, and the way Jonson puts the matter meets all the difficulties.

But with regard to these Ovidian Elegies I can offer what seems to be a stronger proof still, hitherto unnoticed. Referring to the two title-pages, we see that the Elegies, some years after Marlowe's death, were apparently first published *in part*, and then, when Marlowe had been a little longer in the grave, they were

completed in three books. Now if they were written by Marlowe and left behind him at his death, why was the first edition incomplete? If the reason was that another version of Marlowe's translation had been found, why was not this much required explanation given? For it surely required a little explaining why a man's poems or translations should grow in size after his death.

To say the least this is suspicious; but I have referred to a stronger proof, which comes from John Stow's *Annales*, 1615, p. 811, as follows:—"Our moderne and present excellent poets, which worthely florish in their owne workes, and all of them in their very owne knowledge lived together in this Queenes raigne, according to their priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly set down." Then follows a long list, beginning with George Gascoigne, Esquire, and ending with M. George Withers. In this list — and here is my proof—only two poets are coupled together, and they are Sir Francis Bacon and Sir John Davies!

Now why should these two be thus coupled, and why should Bacon, of all men, be put among the illustrious poets, when, so far as we know, he had never published a line of poetry in his own name of any kind in 1615? I think the answer is obvious. John Stow coupled these two because he had reason to know that the Epigrammes and Elegies of J. D. and C. M. were really written by Sir John Davies and Francis Bacon, and as these poems were published together he did not make a separate entry to the two, but wrote them down as joint authors, thus:—Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, & Sir John Davies, Knight; this ampersand being the only one in the whole list. When Sir John Davies published his collected works in 1622, he did not include these Epigrammes. Why? We may conjecture; we do not know.

It should also be noticed that the several early editions of the Elegies, which came in pretty rapid succession,

had all, including the first, the imprint *Middlebourgh*. Why Middlebourgh? Simply, I think, as a great joke. They were probably all printed in London; and as Mr. Edmunds found a copy of one of the Middlebourgh editions of the year 1599 in the Lamport cupboard, Jaggard would probably be the printer. The joke about the imprint would arise from the fact that such lascivious poems should issue from Middlebrough, the very place which the Brownists and rabid Puritans put as a blind on their own very indifferent productions. In fact, it was as amusingly deceptive as the somewhat parallel case of Mirabeau, two centuries later, who published the *Erotica Biblion* as emanating from the Press of the Vatican itself (à Rome de l'Imprimerie du Vatican, 1783).

Rev. Walter Begley.

ALCHEMY AND THE HOLY GRAIL

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE BACON SOCIETY, DECEMBER 20TH, 1906.

ALCHEMY is a subject variously defined by various writers. According to some it is a pretended science, having for its object the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, and those practising it were either dupes or fools. Others maintain that the Alchemists were not in pursuit of material objects at all, but were, in reality, the philosophers and reformers of their period, whose true Ars Magna, disguised under a jargon of symbolism, was a conversion of the baser elements of humanity into the gold of goodness.

The most convincing exponent of what I will call the ethical theory is E. A. Hitchcock, an American writer, who died some fifty years ago. I am fortunate in pos-

sessing what there is reason to believe is the author's personal copy of this rare and long out-of-print book. It contains pencilled revisions and notes which I have found to be extremely suggestive. Hitchcock, however, pushes his theory so far as to maintain that the genuine Alchemists were never experimental chemists at all, nor are we indebted to them for any of the casual discoveries with which science credits them. Least of all were they in pursuit of gold, although their writings, wrongly interpreted, misled many into that vain and chimæric quest.

There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that chemical experiment, if not the essence of Alchemy, was at all events an important side issue, and before proceeding to deal with the ethical theory I will instance a few of the seemingly numerous cases where there is good reason to suppose the physical transmutation of metals was achieved.

Of these, perhaps, the best known and the least comprehensible is that of Nicholas Flamel, who died somewhere about 1419. From the position of a poor scrivener Flamel sprang suddenly into great opulence. In his will he left a detailed account of the events which led to his possession of the great secret of transmutation, and he concludes with the words :—

> Before the time when I wrote this discourse which was at the latter end of the year of our Lord 1413 after the death of my faithful companion [Perrenelle, his wife] whose loss I cannot but lament all the days of my life, she and I had already founded and endowed with revenues fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches in the City of Paris, all which we had new built from the ground and enriched with great gifts and revenues with many reparacions in their churchyards. We have also done at Boulogne about as much as we have done at Paris not to speak of the charitable acts which we both did to particular poor people principally to widows and orphans.

These enormous benefactions, as the records of

several churches in France can divulge, were undoubtedly made. Within the past 150 years statues of Flamel, and the remains of some of his buildings, inscribed with hieroglyphics, were still standing, and to this day I understand the M.S. of his book, entitled *The Treasure of Alchemy*, is reposing in what was the Royal Library. Another seemingly well authenticated instance of gold making is recorded among the *Acta* of the Judicial Faculty of Leipsic. The case came into the law courts, owing to a curious legal question which arose out of it. One evening the Countess of the Castle of Tankerstein was besought sanctuary by a stranger, who, by inadvertence, had killed one of the Royal deer, and thereby forfeited his life. Struck by the noble appearance of her visitor, the Countess gave him protection, and in gratitude the mysterious unknown transmuted all the plate in the castle from silver into gold. On hearing of the sudden wealth of his wife, her husband, the Count, who was a spendthrift absent at the time from home, sued for possession of the gold on the ground that, as owner of the soil, he was entitled to all treasure found thereon. The Countess contended that artificially-produced gold could not justly come under consideration of the law applied to buried treasure, and she craved to be permitted to remain in undisturbed possession. The records show that the Court decided in her favour.

What is apparently conclusive proof of the possibility of transmutation is to be seen in Vienna. It is a silver medal preserved on the Imperial Treasure Chamber partly changed into gold by Alchemical means. It is, however, not my intention to enlarge on this side of the subject. There is a scepticism born of ignorance, and in these surprising days of X-rays, frozen air and radium, there are probably few who will deny the possibility, even the probability, that here and in the

past advanced minds may have hit upon processes of which the secret has been lost. The better class of Alchemists deprecated the gold-gropers as "money-loving sots," maintaining that the true search was to satisfy their intellectual capacities and their spiritual yearnings. "Would to God," exclaims the author of *An Open Substance*, "that all men might become adepts in our art, for then gold, the common idol of mankind, would lose its value and we should prize it only for its scientific teaching." It is the constant reiteration of sentiments such as this which have led Hitchcock and others to the suspicion that the writings of the Alchemists were, in the main, symbolical, and that under the words *gold*, *silver*, *lead*, *salt*, *sulphur*, *mercury*, *antimony*, *arsenic*, *orpiment*, *sol*, *luna*, *wine*, *acid*, *alkali*, and a thousand and one other words and expressions, may be found the views of the several writers upon the great questions of God, Nature and Man. I cannot do better than present this idea in Hitchcock's words. "The Alchemists," says he, and he supports his assertion with an imposing array of evidence, "were Reformers in their time, obliged to work in secret, but nevertheless making their impression on the public. They lived for the most part in an age when an open expression of their opinions would have brought them into conflict with the superstition of the time, and thus exposed them to the stake—where, indeed, many of them perished, not having been sufficiently guarded in their language. They were religious men when the spirit of religion was buried in forms and ceremonies and when the priesthood had armed itself with the civil power to put down all opposition and suppress all freedom, intellectual, moral, civil and religious. It was in that midnight of darkness that a light from heaven as it seemed was treated of in books for the initiated, as THE ELIXIR OF LIFE, THE

WATER OF LIFE, THE UNIVERSAL MEDICINE, and THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. The volumes in which this thought of the time was enshrined were written in symbolic form to hide the subject from the crowd and to screen the authors from persecution."

I propose this evening, ladies and gentlemen, to bring to your notice a group of facts, some of which are, to the best of my belief, new to the extent that they have never hitherto been brought into correlation. Some of these seem to me to go some way towards the substantiation of the ethical theory of Alchemy, and they constitute, I think, tangible evidence of the wide-spreading influence exercised in the past by a class of thinkers whom we have for the most part dubbed "charlatans" and "impostors."

Tradition claims that what we now term Alchemy had its origin from the semi-mythical philosopher Hermes Trismegistus, whence the name "Hermetic" Science. Until the sixth or seventh century of our Era it was known as the Sacred Art, the Divine Science, the Occult Science, the Art of Hermes.

The precise object of the quest has never yet been satisfactorily defined. We find this mystical something described as The One Thing, The Essence, The Philosopher's Stone, The Stone of Wisdom, The Heavenly Balm, The Divine Water, The Virgin Water, the Carbuncle of the Sun, The Phœnix, and other terms equally bizarre. The suggestion of the ethical theorists is that all this jargon is merely a veiled mode of expressing the state of divine wisdom and eternal beatitude which is the result of self-conquest and self-culture.

Certainly it cannot be denied that Alchemistical writers perpetually warn their readers against the literal interpretation of their words. "The philosophers," says one, "ever discourse in parables and figures." "Let

the studious reader," says another, "have a care of the manifold significance of words, for, by deceitful windings and doubtful, yea, contrary speeches (as it would seem), philosophers unfold their mysteries with a desire of concealing and hiding the truth from the unworthy." It is universally admitted that, to prevent their works being thumbed by the illiterate, mediæval writers took very extraordinary pains. "The cause of this concealment among all wise men," says Roger Bacon, "is the contempt and neglect of the secrets of wisdom by the vulgar sort, who know not how to use those things that are most excellent. Or, if they do conceive any worthy thing, it is altogether by chance and fortune, and they do exceedingly abuse that their knowledge to the great damage and hurt of many men, yea, even of whole societies; so that he is worse than mad that publisheth any secret unless he conceal it from the multitude, and in such wise deliver it that even the studious and learned shall hardly understand it." This is not very promising, but we must bear in mind that it was only when veiled, and very closely veiled, that in those days Truth dared venture out of doors. "Some," continues Bacon, "have used characters and verses, and diverse other riddles and figurative speeches," and then he proceeds to enumerate certain other excellent devices. "I deemed it necessary," he explains, "to touch these tricks of obscurity because haply myself may be constrained through the greatness of the secrets which I shall handle to use some of them."

The Elizabethan dramatists well appreciated the figurative character of Alchemy. In Ben Jonson's play, *The Alchemist*, the sceptic of the piece, in reply to a staggering volley of technicalities, is answered that, "these are named,

> "Intending but one thing; which art our writers
> Used to obscure their art."

Then he asks:—

> "Was not all the knowledge
> Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?
> Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables?
> Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
> That were the fountains and first springs of Wisdom,
> Wrapped in perplexed allegories?"

It is astonishing in view of such staring assertions that so few serious attempts have been made to unravel these perplexed allegories and extract the kernels from the husks.

St. Paul's warning that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life was repeated by the great Alchemist, Cornelius Agrippa. "Whatever we read," says Agrippa, "about the irresistible powers of the Magic Art or the wonderful sights of the Astrologers will be found to be fables and lies as soon as we take those things in their external and literal meaning. Their external forms cover internal truths, and he who desires to see those truths must be in possession of the divine light of reason which is in possession of very few."

In Alchemical works we encounter many references to what is sometimes termed *lingua magica* and sometimes *lingua angelorum*. "This tongue," says the author of *An Easy Introduction to the Philosopher's Gold*, "is not only absolutely necessary and wisely fitted to veil Nature's secrets from the unworthy and prophane, but is also bravely proportioned to the intellectual imaginations of man." This secret angel's language was without question the language of symbolism, an art more ancient than the hills. It was evolved from the belief that the material universe is nothing but a manifestation of a spiritual counterpart whence it derives its existence. "The sages," says Michael Sendivogius, "have been taught by God that this natural world is only an image and material copy of the heavenly and

spiritual pattern; that the very existence of this world is based upon the reality of its heavenly archetype."

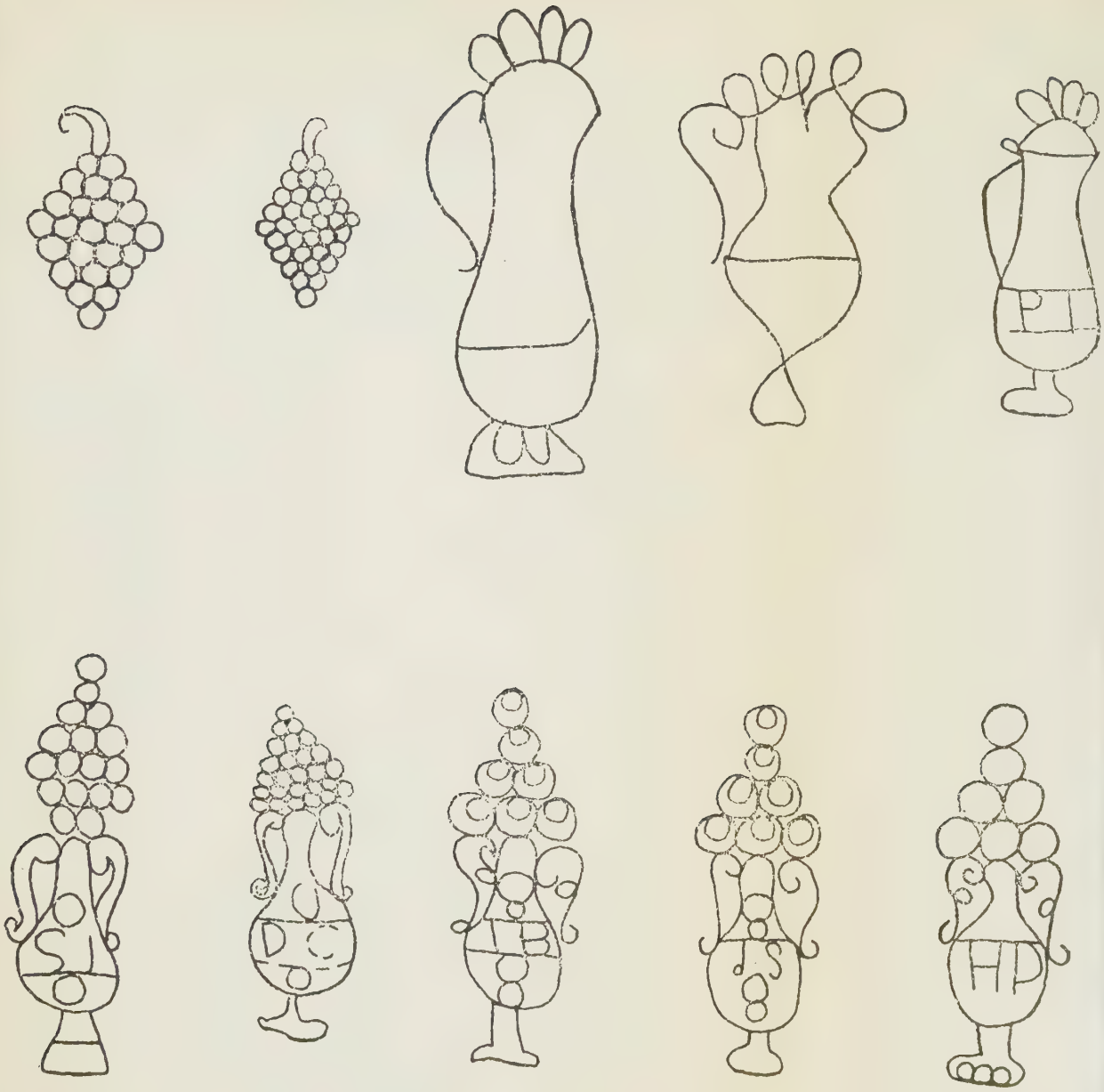
It is because this doctrine of correspondence is the key which unlocks so many of the doors of Alchemy that I desire to impress it upon you. From it was constructed an elaborate language of symbolism by means of which it was comparatively simple to communicate ideas which, expressed literally, would have involved the authors in destruction. Allusions to their brutal and sanguinary surroundings are of constant occurrence among Alchemical writers. "I dare affirm," says one, "that I do possess more riches than the whole known world is worth, but cannot make use thereof because of the snares of knaves." Clearly he is referring to the Treasure of Heaven, for he continues, "I disdain, I loathe, this idolizing of gold and silver by the price and vanity whereof the pomp and vanities of the world are celebrated. Ah, filthy evil! ah, vain nothingness! Believe ye that I conceal these things out of envy? No, surely, for I protest to thee that I grieve from the very bottom of my soul that we are driven, as it were, like outcasts from the face of the Lord throughout the earth. We travel through many nations just like vagabonds, and dare not take upon ourselves the care of a family, neither do we possess any fixed habitation. And although we possess all things, yet can we use but a few. What, therefore, are we happy in, excepting speculation and meditation only. Many do believe (that are strangers to the art) that if they should enjoy it they would do such and such things; so also even we did formerly believe, but being grown more wary by the hazard we have run, we have chosen a more secret method. For whosoever hath once escaped imminent peril of his life, he will, believe me, become more wise for the time to come." I have cited this passage because it is a very simple specimen of esoteric writing, for which,

indeed, it assigns the reason, and also because it is so perfectly obvious that the writer is not discussing the manufacture of physical gold.

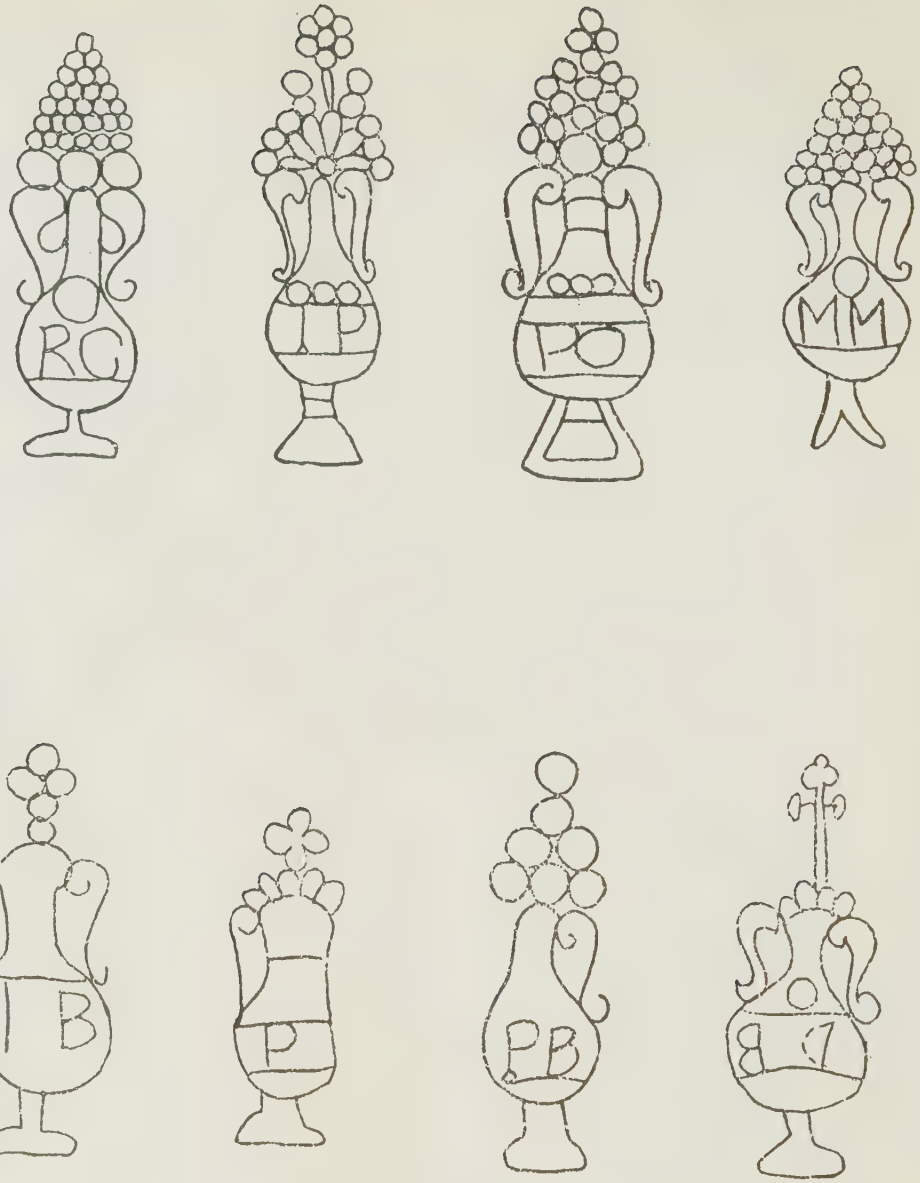
One small Alchemical Treatise bears the significant title, *Zoroaster's Cave, or the Philosophers' Intellectual Echo to One Another from Their Cells.*

The author of *The Troubadours, Their Loves and Lyrics,* tells us that "The body of the learned, or the inner circle of that body, seems to have formed a secret society, whose purpose was to keep as much knowledge as possible confined to itself, after the manner of the Druids, or the Egyptians and Chaldæan sages; when compelled to put the more occult portions of their scientific acquirements into a more permanent form, they adopted one perfectly unintelligible to the vulgar." It does not appear to have struck this writer that the Alchemists might possibly be a branch of the learned who had adopted a secret jargon under which they could with safety, and without interference, exchange ideas.

It is conventional for historians to ignore the many secret associations which were at work in the twilight of the dark ages, but the treatment of the Alchemists seems to have been many degrees worse than mere neglect. If not dismissed as charlatans and impostors, they stand condemned for the "mystical trash" which they are alleged to have let loose upon Europe. Hallam is conspicuous in his denunciation of that "unworthy innovator," Paracelsus. He tell us that Agrippa had drunk deep at the "turbid streams of cabalistic philosophy." According to him the system of Agrippa was the "mere creed of magical imposture," and in general influence the Alchemistical theories were, we are told, more pernicious than the technical pedantry of the Schools. You will bear in mind that I have already read you a passage from this same Agrippa



SELECTION OF "POTT" WATER-MARKS (ACTUAL SIZE). FOUND IN



A Copy of Greenham's Works, London, 1605.

warning against the literal interpretation of his writings, and with the exception of the treatment which has been meted out by posterity to our great Englishman, Bacon, I know nothing more unjust or so infinitely pathetic as the shallow judgment which has been passed upon the Alchemystical philosophers.

The motto of Fenelon was, "Love to be Unknown," and in studying the under-currents, one queries, with Sir Thomas Browne, "Who knows whether better men have not been forgot than stand recorded in the book of time, who nevertheless may be registered in the Book of God?" The true history of the Alchemists and of their forerunners and successors will, I am persuaded, if it ever come to be written, prove to be nothing less than the record of the moral and intellectual evolution of Europe.

I invite you to examine some of the facsimiles of paper-marks shown herewith. They are representative of thousands and thousands of similar character, which any seeker may find for himself. It is generally assumed by orthodox bibliographers that paper-marks were the trade signs of paper-makers, but an investigation of this theory proves it to bristle with technical difficulties which render it untenable. Driven into a corner by the logic of facts which I need not here discuss, but shall be happy to do should anyone care to challenge my conclusions, Orthodoxy has fatuously suggested that the "curious shapes" which are assumed by these mysterious marks were due to the workmen having varied them for their own amusement. As a matter of fact, the great majority of paper-marks in mediæval literature are not trade signs at all, but symbols of the many secret and invisible associations which were at work sowing seeds of sweetness and light, and risking their existence in the attempt to shake off the nightmare of ecclesiasticism. For the purpose of illustration I have selected merely

two or three of the hundreds of philosophic symbols which prove the reality and the extent of ethical Alchemy. Just as the fossil is a positive proof of former life, so these curious marks in paper seem to me tangible evidence of the energy and virility of the "mystical trash" condemned by Hallam. The first object that I have chosen to point this suggestion is the paper-mark of a jug or pot. There are two ideas underlying these figures, both springing from the Legend of the Holy Grail. "We cannot be sure," says Mr. Alfred Nutt, "how this or that writer conceived the story as a whole, or in what sense he figured the Grail to himself." It is true we cannot define the exact meanings which were attached by particular writers, but the forms in which these writers figured the Grail are depicted in infinite variety in the paper-marks of the period. Of these many are necessarily crude, but you must bear in mind that they were impressed upon wet paper pulp by being designed in wire and then stitched to the paper-maker's tray or mould.

Most of us are familiar with the Legend of the Grail in the form which was grafted on to it by Christian writers, but as a symbol it is very much older than Christianity. The Rev. Baring Gould describes it as "the mysterious relic of a past heathen rite," and Mr. Alfred Nutt terms it "a mythic talisman of increase and plenty."

The Rev. Baring Gould quotes an old British poet as his authority for the claim that the St. Grail "inspires poetic genius, gives wisdom, discovers the knowledge of futurity, the mysteries of the world, the whole treasure of human sciences. That this vessel of the liquor of wisdom," continues Mr. Gould, "held a prominent place in British mythology is certain from the allusions made to it by the bards." "Taliesin, in the description of his initiation into the mysteries of the

basin, cries out, 'I have lost my speech,' because on all who had been admitted to the privileges of full membership secrecy was imposed. This initiation [continues Mr. Gould] was regarded as a new birth, and those who had once become members were regarded as elect, regenerate, separate from the rest of mankind, who lay in darkness and ignorance."

Jacob Behme leads off in Chapter I. of *De Mysterio Magno* with the words:—"If we would understand what the New Birth is and how it is brought to pass, then we must first know what Man is."

Now Hitchcock, who derived his opinions from the study of upwards of 200 works on Alchemy, sums up his conclusions as to their *real* object by saying he could liken it to nothing better expressive than the experience known in religion as THE NEW BIRTH. He adds: "There are many signs in Alchemical volumes of a secret society in which possibly the language used was conventionally determined. I have at times thought that some members of the Masonic fraternity might have found the secret language of the Alchemists a convenient mode of publishing, or rather circulating, among the initiated doctrines which they had taken an oath not to speak directly or to make known except to a brother."

In these independent extracts we thus find correlated the ideas of the exhaustless vase of wisdom, secrecy, and the New Birth. It is my conviction that the vast movement which, when it appeared above the surface of History was known, or, at any rate, is to-day known, as the RENAISSANCE or New Birth, was merely the effect of which the secret and unrecognised efforts of the Alchemists and other kindred reformers were the direct cause.

You will find a great deal of information on the Holy Grail in Mr. Alfred Nutt's book, and I would also refer

you to Mrs. Cooper Oakley's *Traces of a Hidden Tradition in Masonry and Mediæval Mysticism*. Mrs. Oakley says: "Gathered round the Holy Grail are the Knights and Guardians of the Grail Kingdom, led by Titurel the mystic King, to whom is entrusted the Holy teaching. Then later we find the Knights Templar taking up the sacred mission. But everywhere and always is there the inner doctrine for the few who seek the Holy Grail, for it is invisible to all but those who form the inner circle. The chief function of the Grail Kingdom was to supply a constant type of a divinely governed Society, a Society ruled from the inner and spiritual planes, and to train in the Kingly art of ruling leaders for such communities as needed them. It was destined to be a practical civilising power as well as a Palace spiritual; not a passive force only, but active and powerful for the suppression of all evil on earth."

Who that is at all familiar with the works of Francis Bacon can doubt that he was a leader among the many very perfect Grail Knights of his period?

Mr. Alfred Nutt tells us that, "although caught up to very Heaven, though filled with the essence of Divinity, still the Grail retains the material characteristics of an increase and plenty talisman." Mrs. Cooper Oakley, who approaches her subject from a totally different aspect, sums it up as her conclusion that in the Grail myth "we are face to face with a symbol of man; man who is the Temple of the Holy Spirit. The chalice or cup is but another way," says she, "of denoting the coats of skin, the veils or vestures which garment man on earth, robes woven by the Nature powers in which and through which the divine spark has to dwell, until in process of time the vestures or chalice become permeated through by the divine light within."

Now Hitchcock and other ethical interpreters of the

Alchemists are convinced that it was MICOCOSMOS, the little world of Man, which was the real stone upon which they were experimenting and working to transmute into gold. In his *Lives of the Alchemystical Philosophers*, Mr. A. E. Waite quotes an anonymous writer who states that "the publication of the writings of Jacob Boehmer caused the Alchemists who were his contemporaries to fear that their art could not much longer remain a secret, and that the mystic vase in particular would be shortly revealed to all. This vase is the *vas insigne electionis*, namely, Man, who is the only all-containing subject, and who alone has need to be investigated for the eventual discovery of all." We thus see that in all probability the pot water-marks which you have before you emblemise the very essence of Alchemy.

Before passing from these Grail water-marks I would invite you to consider the almost infinite variety with which they are ornamented. Time does not permit me to linger over the symbolism of these decorations, but I should just like to draw your attention to the handles arranged in the form of the double SS standing for *Sanctus Spiritus*. Also to the variety of initials which appear upon them. These, almost without doubt, are the first letters of the words of certain phrases. They form part of the mystic system of the Cabala known as "*notaricon*." By this system certain initials came to be perfectly well understood, conveying profound meanings. Rossetti mentions that Dante made frequent use of the method, and there are even to-day many relics of it among us. I might mention the expression AMEN, which is a composition word, and the Italian secret society known as the MAFIA, said to be so named from the initials of the sentence, MAZZINI AUTORIZZA FURTI INCENDI AVVELENAMENTI.

The remembrance of the paper-mark we have been dis-

cussing has lingered until the present day, and is the origin of the modern technical term "pott," used to denote a certain size of paper. The term foolscap, with which you are all familiar, is likewise the survival of an old paper-mark. The facsimiles which you have before you are typical representatives of it. You will notice the curious sort of pigtail, with a cross on the end. Some years ago I was told that this pigtail was the badge of a jester in the service of an ecclesiastic, but it is only recently that I have struck on what is, I think, probably the explanation. Everyone has heard of the Troubadours, but it is not generally realised that they were heretics under the ban of the Church and driven hither and thither by that relentless antagonist. Their mission, Aroux tells us, was to redress the wrongs of Rome, to take up the defence of the weak and oppressed. They were also represented and celebrated as the true soldiers of the Christ, the exponents of celestial chivalry, and the champions of the poor, attacking under all their forms the monstrous abuses of the Priesthood. It is said that great numbers of the higher classes became Troubadours, wandering from Court to Court and castle to castle, spreading the doctrine of the organisation for which they were acting as emissaries.

This uncanonical "Church of the Grail," as it has been called, was extraordinarily methodical and extended in its operations. It claimed a higher authority than the official Church of Christendom. Aroux tells us that it had its Priests, Bishops, and Deacons, who wandered far and wide disguised under the hoods of Troubadours. It is said that the frightful persecutions which scattered the Templars were due to the belief that they were Knights of the secret Church of the Holy Grail. You will now see why these Troubadour-jester emblems are distinguished by the clerical badge, and you will

appreciate that among the Troubadours were exponents of the same unseen movement to which some of the so-called Alchemists were undoubtedly allied.

Nearly all foolscap water-marks have pending from them a figure of Four, and three circles. The figure Four was held sacred by the Pythagoreans, being the perfect square. It was the emblem of Moral Justice and Divine Equity geometrically expressed. The ineffable Name of The Deity was expressed by this sacred number Four, which was regarded as a most binding and solemn oath by the ancient mystics. The three circles, I think, probably denote the three great principles of Alchemistic Philosophy—Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt, or in other words—Body, Soul, and Spirit.

It is said that Dante was a Troubadour, and that St. Francis of Assisi had been one. Aroux mentions many eminent names and includes among them King Richard of England. "They added," says he, "their voices to those of the Servants of Love to exalt in interests perhaps less religious than political the Mysterious and Perfect Lady who under various names as Star, Flower, Light, was appealed to to cast down to hell the Roman she-wolf, to crush the pontifical serpent." This passage brings me to the last of the emblematic paper-marks which I have set down for discussion this evening. Some time about 150 years ago the Troubadour's head disappeared from paper and in its place there appeared the design you have before you. This emblem has survived until the present day, and enshrines a world of romance and suffering. It is, I think, without doubt a counterfeit presentment of the Troubadour's mysterious and perfect Lady, in other words the Virgin Sophia eulogised by Dante, Petrarch, and a host of poets, among them our Elizabethan Sonneteers.

To introduce this perfect, mysterious Lady to you, I

cannot, I think, do better than quote some passages from a letter written by that saint of rationalism—Giordano Bruno. He writes: "I am displeased with the bulk of mankind; I hate the vulgar rout; I despise the authority of the multitude and am enamoured with one particular lady. 'Tis for her that I am free in servitude, content in pain, rich in necessity, and alive in death. . . . Hence it is even for my passion for this beauty that, as being weary, I draw not back my feet from the difficult road, nor, as being lazy, hang down my hands from the work that is before me; I turn not my shoulders, as grown desperate, to the enemy that contends with me, nor, as dazzled, divert my eyes from the divine object. . . . 'Tis for the love of true Wisdom and by the studious admiration of this Mistress that I fatigue, that I disquiet, that I torment myself."

This, ladies and gentlemen, was the spirit of the Grail which the Inquisition and all the power of the governments of Europe was engaged for many centuries in endeavouring to crush. The result of the suppression was that the Spirit of Truth was idolized and discussed under the protective veils of "Beatrice," "Laura," and a variety of other names to which the imperceptive have more or less vainly endeavoured to fit physical women. I chanced the other day on a coincidence with regard to Dante's "Beatrice" to which I am not aware that attention has hiterto been drawn. We are told in the *Vita Nuova* (I need hardly draw your attention to the significance of this Alchemistic title) that "Beatrice" was nine years of age when Dante first met her. He remarks, "Many times the number nine hath appeared among the preceding words whereby it appeareth that it is not without reason." He then says that he will assign the reason "why this number was so friendly to her," and explains that three being the root of nine Beatrice was accompanied by the

number nine to give to understand that *she* was a nine, that is a miracle whose root is the wondrous Trinity alone. Then he gives us permission to speculate a little by adding: "Perchance a more subtle person might see in it a yet more subtle reason." A few weeks before reading this passage I happened to have pasted into my commonplace book the following newspaper cutting:

Sir William Huggins, at the dinner of the Maccabeans, referred to the curious properties of the Hebrew word for Truth. It comes from a root signifying strength—that which could not be moved. The letters of the word are equivalent to the mysterious number nine. When multiplied that figure frequently gives figures so true to each that when added together they again prove the figure nine; thus twice 9 are 18, thrice 9 are 27, and so on.

In England this same spirit of Truth, or spirit of Nature, was invoked under the veils of Phœbe, Idea, Licia, Cynthia, Elizabeth, etc., and numerous sonnets were written in her honour. I think it unquestionable that much of the adulation which is supposed to have been lavished upon Queen Elizabeth by servile poets was never in reality intended for her at all, but for that more mystic Elizabeth of whom we catch a glimpse in Spenser.

> The third my Love my lifes last ornament
> By whom my spirit out of dust was raised
> To speak her praise and glory excellent
> Of all alive most worthy to be praised.
> Ye three Elizabeths for ever live
> That three such graces did unto me give.

One of the lesser-known English sonneteers—Richard Smith—dedicates his sonnet sequence DIANA "Unto Her Majesties Sacred Honourable Maids."

It is obvious that it is not the maids of honour of Elizabeth Tudor that are in the poet's eye, for he leads off:

> Eternal twins that conquer Death and Time
> Perpetual advocates in Heaven and Earth
> Fair, chaste, immaculate, and all divine
> Glorious alone before the first mans birth.

Rossetti comments at length upon the double and sometimes triple meanings which were placed by the secret schools upon apparently innocent and orthodox words and phrases. I have but little doubt that many of the works dedicated in what is apparently the most fulsome flattery were in reality addressed in a spirit of religious ecstasy to a mystic Elizabeth. I am told that the name *El-izza-beth* is practically the same as *Beth-el* of the Old Testament, and means *The House of God.* This is synonymous with the Temple of the Holy Spirit, and that, as we have seen, was symbolised by the St. Grail. Please take this suggestion for what it may be worth !

The sister figure which now appears upon our coinage as Britannia was I think also originally intended to suggest the same mysterious and perfect Lady of the middle ages. She appeared suddenly about 1676, just when the anti-Papal storm was brewing, which, when it burst, cost James II. his throne. If you will refer to the coin collection at the British Museum you will notice that Britannia has only comparatively recently donned the trident and helmet. On her first appearance she held an olive branch in one hand and a spear in the other. The spear was the attribute of Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, and if it is a bad guess on my part it is at any rate an agreeable fancy to believe that a variant of the Virgin Sophia is one of the everyday symbols of our Nation. You will notice that the lady in paper-mark bears a trefoil instead of an olive branch, again the emblem of the three Alchemical principles—Sulphur, Mercury, and Salt.

It is becoming daily more recognised that Elizabethan

literature was not a spontaneous and national home growth; rather it was an exotic imported from the continent. Especially was this so in the case of the sonnet literature which was so luxuriant a weed in the reign of Elizabeth. Much of this was directly *borrowed;* so directly, in fact, that Mr. Sidney Lee holds up his hands in pained perplexity. He denounces Lodge as a scandalous example of the literary thief, and it was in a sonnet sequence entitled "Phyllis" that, according to Mr. Lee, Lodge sank most deeply into "the mire of deceit and mystification." Now I have shown elsewhere that practically the whole of Elizabethan poetry is a symphony and that there must have existed at that time a very abnormal system of collaboration; further, that the facts point unmistakably to Francis Bacon as the hinge upon which that system turned. It is significant that the birth of English literature coincides with the birth and career of Francis Bacon. In Europe, letters had been flourishing for many centuries, but they had awaked no anwering enthusiasm from our semi-barbarous island. I therefore infer that it was Bacon who introduced into this country, and cherished with his influence, the vast literature of Europe. With this must have come the methods of the mystic schools to which much of it was due, and I regard, therefore, all these alleged pilferings and plagiarisms not as proof of bad faith but of the existence here of the same system as was at work elsewhere. The beautiful and mystic theories figured in the book emblems and paper emblems of the period seem, so far as I can gather, to have sprung originally from the East, whence they were revived by Pythagoras. Of the Troubadours, the Templars, the Alchemists, the Rosicrucians and other Idealist schools, the philosophy of Pythagoras was undoubtedly the nursing mother. "Virgil," says W. F. C. Wigston, "takes up the lighted torch of Homer and

hands it on to Dante, who passes it to the genius behind the Shakespeare mask—Francis Bacon. Thus the handing on of the 'Lamp for Posterity' has been kept going by a chain of giant poets, who, like the distant peaks of some mighty range of Alps, beckon and nod to each other o'er the cloudland of ignorance and above the mists of the ages."

Through these mists I have sometimes thought to have perceived glimpses of the Palace of Wisdom upon which these great master masons were at work, but I feel to-night very like the poor fool who brought a brick as a sample of the house he wished to show. I thank you very much for lending my remarks such patient attention.

HAROLD BAYLEY.

BACON'S "INQUISITIONS" AND THE SONNETS

I HAVE read with much interest Mr. Williams' article, "Bacon's Time Cypher," in the April BACONIANA. That the 67th, 68th, 69th, and 70th Inquisitions should deal with the four elements (then supposed) respectively—Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, would indicate that Bacon held to the ancient opinion that the universe, and man himself, were composed of these four elements. Shakespeare also appears to have held the same opinion. In *Twelfth Night*, Toby, who is discussing with Sir Andrew what would be considered staying up late at night, quite suddenly and irrelevantly asks (ii. 3):—

"Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements?"

Sir Andrew avoids committing himself by a direct answer in the reply:—

"Faith, *so they say*, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

Two of "Shake-speare's Sonnets"—44 and 45—are based upon, and adopt, this theory of the four elements. Number 44 deals with earth and water, and number 45 with air and fire, the latter elements being further identified with "thought" and "desire." In 44 the poet complains over his absence from the one addressed, and asserts that if his flesh were made of the same substance as his thought, no distance would separate them, for the reason that thought can "leap large lengths of miles" with instantaneous speed, a clear recognition of the modern doctrine of thought transference. But by reason of being of so much "*earth* and *water* wrought" he cannot overcome the inertia of "elements so slow." In the next number "the other two" (meaning, of course, the other two elements) are identified as "slight *air* and purging *fire*," the first of which is declared to be his "thought" and the second his "desire." They are called the "quicker elements," and their quickness is described by the term "present-absent." They are with the object addressed, wherever the poet himself may abide. These four elements are said to be "life's composition." So, Cleopatra, when she performs her "Noble Act," exclaims :—

> "Husband, I come :
> I am Fire, and Ayre : my *other Elements*
> I give to baser life."

That is, to Antony in the spirit-life she gave the elements of her spirit—her thought and desire ; and to the baser life of the earth she returned the elements of earth and water of her material body. The two Sonnets I have mentioned appear in full as follows, with slight added italicisation :—

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my *flesh* were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For *nimble thought* can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of *earth* and *water* wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan.
Receiving naught by *Elements* so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The *other two*, slight *air* and purging *fire*,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my *thought*, the other my *desire*.
These present-absent with swift motion slide
For when these quicker *Elements* are gone
In tender Embassy of love to thee,
My life, being *made* of *four*, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy;
Until *life's composition* be recured
By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who, even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

We learn from these Sonnets that these two elements which constitute thought and desire act as "messengers" to and from the poet's friends. They evidently constitute some form of the spirit or soul of man as distinguished from the body in 44.

Thus Bacon exactly says in *De Augmentis*:—

"For the sensible soul must clearly be regarded as a corporal substance, attenuated and made invisible by heat; a breath

compounded of the nature of *flame* and *air*. . . . Whereas in man it [the sensible soul] is itself only the instrument of the rational soul and may be more fitly termed not soul, but spirit."

We thus find that man, according to our poet, has two souls, answering to the reason and the sense, and here we are met with the profound thought that the character of Cupid is identified by Bacon as the soul itself; and as there are two Cupids answering to Creation and sensuous will, or sense, so are there two souls answering to the reason and the spirit, the latter being the sensible soul, composed of flame and air. The rational soul must then answer to the reason, the creative power of the human mind, the eternal atom of matter, the elder Cupid! Thus we understand why the poet says in the Sonnets: "My spirit is thine," and "Two loves I have of comfort and despair"; and thus we again find Bacon, in the *History of Life and Death*, saying :—

"The other difference between the spirits is that the vital spirit has in it a degree of inflamation and is like a breath compounded of *flame* and *air*."

And we understand why the poet, when these two elements leave him, "sinks down to death." "The lifeless spirits," Bacon continues, "are nearly of the same substance as the air; the vital spirits more akin to the substance of flame. . . . The spirit has two *desires*, one of multiplying itself, the other of going forth and congregating with its connaturals. This rule is understood of the lifeless spirits." And in the Sonnet before us the first element of the poet's sensible soul, "slight air," is his pure thought, and the other, the vital spirit, or "purging fire," is his "desire"—and it is the same desire of "multiplying itself" by producing a "generation of still breeding thoughts." We find these same ideas in Bacon's *Natural History* as follows :—

"As for living creatures, it is certain their vital spirits are a substance *compounded* of an airy and flamy matter. It is no marvel, therefore, that a small quantity of spirits in the cells of the brain are able to move the whole body with so great swiftness. Such is the force in these two natures, air and flame, when they incorporate."

And the same ideas of compounding and incorporating are seen in this Sonnet, where, when the two messengers return, "life's *composition*" is "recured." And, again, in the *Advancement of Learning*:—

"The soul, on the other side, is the simplest of substances, as is well expressed—*Purumque reliquet Aethereum sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.* (Pure and unmixed, the etherial sense is left—mere *air* and *fire*.)"

From which we may understand the allusion in Sonnet 125:—

> "And take thou my oblation poor, but free,
> Which is *not mixed* with seconds, knows no art."

We may learn also from whence was derived the conceit of this Sonnet of the vital spirit being *messengers*. Bacon says, writing upon Imagination:—

"It is true indeed that the imagination performs the office of an *agent* or *messenger* in both provinces, both the judicial and the ministerial. For *sense* sends all kinds of *images* over to imagination for reason to judge of; and reason again, when it has made its judgment and selection, sends them over to imagination before the decree be put in execution.

"Imagination is as a common *instrument* to both reason and *will*, saving that the Janus of Imagination has two different faces; for the face of *reason* has the print *of truth* and the face towards action has the print of goodness."

And it is truth, beauty, and goodness (the "fair, kind, and true" of Sonnet 105) which is all the poet's argument—the trinity of this "I am that I am." And he says:—

"So thou be *good* slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time."

In view of Bacon's 67th "Inquisition" having relation to the earth, it is peculiar to find Montaigne on the trail of something of the same kind. Writing of the investigation of truth, he says in his essay "Of the Art of Conferring," Florio translation :—

"For we are borne to quest and seeke after trueth : to possess it belongs to a greater power. It is not (as Democritus said) hidden in the deepes of abisse ; but rather elevated in infinite height of divine knowledge. The *world* is but a *school* of *inquisition*."

F. C. HUNT.

An Echo

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—A letter from Bacon to the Prince of Wales (Spedding, Life and Letters, Vol. VII., p. 287) begins as follows :—

"It may please your Highness,

"When I call to mind, how infinitely I am bound to your Highness, that stretched forth your arm to save me from a sentence ; that took hold of me to keep me from being plunged in a sentence ; that hath kept me alive in your gracious memory and mention since the sentence" ; &c.

When I first read this quaint passage, I was struck by its strangeness. Yet it seemed to have a familiar cadence. And I recalled the curious parallel in Shakespeare.

BASSANIO.

"Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring," &c.
M. V., V. I.

Is there any other literary parallel ?

Yours faithfully,
A. L. FRANCIS.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE "MANES VERULAMIANI"

(*Continued from page* 269).

32.

IN OBITUM DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI, BARONIS DE VERULAMIO, ET TOTIUS ANGLIÆ NUPERI CANCELLARII. (1)

1. Dum moriens tantam nostris Verulamius Heros
   Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit :
2. Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,
   Credimus et Samium desipuisse senem. (2)
3. Scilicet hic miseris fælix nequit esse Camaenis
   Nec se quam Musas plus amat iste suas.
4. At luctantem animam Clotho imperiosa coegit.
   Ad cælum invitos traxit in astra pedes.
5. Ergone Phæbeias jacuisse putabimus artes ?
   Atque herbas Clarii nil valuisse Dei ?
6. Phæbus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
   Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes :
7. At Phæbum (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste Camænis)
   Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
8. Hinc dolor est ; quod cum Phæbo Verulamius Heros
   Major erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
9. Vos tamen, O tantum manes atque umbra, Camænæ
   Et pæne inferni pallida turba Jovis,
10. Si spiratis adhuc, et non lusistis ocellos,
    Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem :
11. Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit Orpheus,
    Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam :
12. Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen,
    Ex oculis vestris lacrima multa fluat.
13. En quam multa fluit ? veras agnosco Camænas
    Et lacrimas, Helicon vix satis unus erit ;

32.

On the Death of Lord Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, late Chancellor of all England. (1)

While by dying the Verulamian demi-god is the cause of such sadness and weeping eyes in the Muses, we believe, alas, that no one after his death can become happy: we believe that even the Samian sage (2) was unwise. Assuredly the object of our sorrow cannot be in a state of felicity, since his Muses are grieving, and he loves not himself more than them. But the imperious Clotho compelled his reluctant spirit. To heaven among the stars she drew his unwilling feet. Are we to think then that the arts of Phæbus lay dormant and the herbs of the Clarian god were of no avail? Phæbus was as powerful as ever, nor was efficacy absent from his herbs, be sure that he retained his skill and they their force. But believe that Phæbus withheld his healing hand from his rival, because he feared his becoming King of the Muses. Hence our grief; that the Verulamian demi-god should be inferior to Phæbus in the healing art, though his superior in all else. O Muses! mere shadowy ghosts, little more than the pallid suite of Dis, yet if still you breathe and do not mock my poor eyes (but I would not think you would have survived him): if therefore some Orpheus should have brought you back from death and that vision deludes not my sight, apply yourselves now to lamentations and canticles of woe, let abundance of tears flow from your eyes.

See! how plentiful the flood! I acknowledge these

14. Deucalionæis et qui non mersus in undis
Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
15. Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui
Multa Pierias nutrit arte Deas.
16. Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo ;
17. Crescere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini (3)
Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
18. Ergo Heliconiadas docuit cum crescere divas,
Diminuent hujus sæcula nulla decus.
19. Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
Contemptum potuit, Diva Minerva, tuum.
20. Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem
Dispulit et nubes alter Apollo tuas.
21. Dispulit et tenebras sed quas obfusca vetustas
Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulit ;
22. Atque alias methodas (4) sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit. (5)
23. Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo
Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet ;
24. Hi velut Eoo surgens de littore Phæbus,
Hic velut in media fulget Apollo die :
25. Hi veluti Tiphys (6) tentarunt æquora primum,
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis,
26. Pleiadas hic Hyadasque atque omnia sidera noscens,
Syrtes, atque tuos, improba Scylla, canes ;
27. Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigat æquore navem,
Certius et cursum nautica monstrat acus :
28. Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas ;
Mortales illi, gignit et iste Deas.
29. Palmam ideo reliquis Magna Instauratio libris
Abstulit, et cedunt squalida turba sophi.
30. Et vestita novo Pallas modo prodit amictu,
Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
31. Sic Phænix cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
Æsonis (7) et rediit prima juventa senis.

for genuine Muses and their tears. One Helicon will scarce equal them; Parnassus, not covered by Deucalion's flood, will, wonderful to say, be hidden beneath these waters. For he has perished, through whom you live, and who has fostered the Pierian goddesses with many an art. When he perceived that the arts were held by no roots, and like seed scattered on the surface of the soil were withering away, he taught the Pegasean arts to grow, as grew the spear of Quirinus (3) swiftly into a laurel tree. Therefore since he has taught the Heliconian goddesses to flourish no lapse of ages shall dim his glory. The ardour of his noble heart could bear no longer that you, divine Minerva, should be despised. His godlike pen restored your wonted honour and as another Apollo dispelled the clouds that hid you. But he dispelled also the darkness which murky antiquity and blear-eyed old age of former times had brought about; and his superhuman sagacity instituted new methods (4) and tore away the Labarynthine windings, but gave us his own (5). Certainly it is clear that the crown of ancient sages had not such penetrating eyes. They were like Phæbus rising in the east, he like the same resplendent at noon. They like Tiphys (6) first explored the seas, but scarcely did their bark depart from the coast, he knowing the Pleiads and the Hyads and all the constellations and your dogs, insatiate Scylla, sees what is to be shunned, whither to steer his ship over the sea, and the mariner's compass with greater security points the way.

They begot infant Muses, he adult. They were parents of mortal muses, he produced goddesses. Consequently the "Great Instauration" took the palm from all other books, and the sophists, uncouth mob, retire. Pallas too now arrayed in a new robe paces forth, as a snake shines, when it has put off its old skin. Thus the new-born Phœnix regards the ashes from which

32. Instaurata suos et sic Verulamia muros
Jactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.
33. Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat;
34. Dum sic naturæ leges arcanaque Regnum,
Tanquam a secretis esset utrisque, canat;
35. Dum canat Henricum, qui Rex idemque Sacerdos,
Connubio stabili junxit utramque rosam.
36. Atqui hæc sunt nostris longe majora Camænis,
Non hæc infælix Granta, sed Aula sciat:
37. Sed cum Granta labris admoverit ubera tantis
Jus habet in laudes (maxime alumnæ) tuas.
38. Jus habet, ut mæstos lacrimis extingueret ignes,
Posset ut e medio diripuisse rogo.
39. At nostræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Musæ,
Ipse canis, laudes et canis inde tuas.
40. Nos tamen et laudes, qua possumus arte canemus.
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.

THO. RANDOLPH, T.C.

NOTES.

(1) Two excellent translations of this, the longest, the last, and in many ways the most remarkable of these wonderful elegies, have already appeared in BACONIANA, July, 1896. It was the first presented along with its translation to the public by Dr. Cantor, when he had, as may be said, discovered them, after their lying practically unnoticed for well nigh three hundred years. The author of it was Thomas Randolph (1605—1635), poet, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and playwright "of the tribe of Ben," that is, friend of Ben Jonson and one of his dramatic school.

It is evident that Randolph in the elegy laments Bacon as being the greatest poet as well as sage the world ever saw. He does not allude so openly to the drama being the vehicle of Bacon's wisdom as the writer of the fourth elegy, but he puts no limit to his panegyric of Bacon's muse, calling him another Apollo, a greater than Apollo, one whom Apollo feared would

it springs, and the bloom of youth returns to aged Æson (7). So too Verulam restored boasts its new walls, and thence hopes for its ancient renown. But how much more brightly than poor mortal vision gleam his eyes, while he sings the sacred mysteries of the State, while he sounds forth the laws of nature and the secrets of kings, as though he were secretary in both spheres, while he celebrates Henry, who both king and priest joined in a stable union both the roses. But these themes far surpass our Muses' power, such let not unhappy Granta but the Court profess skill in. But since Granta gave her breasts to such lips, she has a claim on your glories, O greatest of her offspring! She has a right to extinguish with her tears the sad funeral fires, that she might pluck something from the midst of the funeral pile. But my song can bring you no praises, a singer yourself you chaunt your own glories thereby. Let me, however, with what skill I may, celebrate your renown, yet if art fail me, my very grief will redound to your fame.

THOMAS RANDOLPH, TRINITY COLLEGE.

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oust him from being king of the Muses, and again as incomparably surpassing all the poets and sages of antiquity.

Sir Leslie Stephen some years ago ridiculed the logic of Baconians, because he said they argued that Bacon could have written the Shakespeare plays, and therefore did. The argument would not be ridiculous in such a case, though it is not the Baconian proof—only an essential part. Most anti-Baconians ridicule the idea of Bacon's being capable of such poetical creations as Shakespeare. Randolph and others of these elegists judged him to be a poet unapproached and unapproachable by any other, ancient or modern—"Eclipse first, the rest nowhere."

(2) *Samium desipuisse senem.* Pythagoras, born at Samos. He professed to teach and train men how to raise themselves above mortal conditions—to approach the state of the gods and so become happy.

(3) *Hasta Quirini*—spear of Quirinus. Quirinus was a surname of Romulus, who is said to have cast his spear into the ground on the Quirinal hill, where it took root. Quirinus is supposed to be derived from the Sabine word *quiris*, meaning a lance or spear. Quirinus would therefore mean spearman. That there is here an allusion to Bacon's *nom de guerre*, Shakespeare, no one who knows who the dramatist really was can doubt. The lance which he brandished and hurled at ignorance (Ben Jonson in his famous prefatory poem to the First Folio compares Shakespeare's works to this lance) took root and became a laurel tree, thereby supplying unending crowns of literary glory.

(4) *Alias methodos—i.e.*, new methods of learned and scientific research and discovery, and also new methods of "tradition and delivery" for the results of these researches and discoveries.

(5) *Gnossia.* At Gnossus in Crete was the famous Labyrinth of the Minotaur. Bacon calls his secret method, *Filum Labyrinthi*, the clue of the Labyrinth. His "Wisdom of the Ancients" too professes to unravel the mysteries contained in the myths of antiquity.

(6) *Tiphys.* The pilot of the *Argo*, the ship that fetched the golden fleece from Colchis.

(7) *Æsonis.* Æson, father of Jason, the hero of the golden fleece, was, according to Ovid, made young again by Medea.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

A New Shakespeare Claimant

Discussion as to the authorship of Shakespeare is one of those subjects which is never entirely absent from the periodical Press. For a year or two it may languish—an occasional paragraph whispers the agitating question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" The question is for a time seriously discussed and then drops into partial neglect. After a while a recrudescence occurs. Mr. Donnelly's intervention led to a long and busy discussion all over the kingdom about "The Dethroning of Shakespeare." Then followed an interval of silence. Anon Mrs. Gallup started another very active campaign, in which the champions of both (or many) sides fought for their respective rights, some civilly, some savagely. All these discussions have done service for the Baconian side—not one has brought any new strength to the Shakespearean side. The latest skirmish has arisen—and is, as

we write, still languidly proceeding—on the startling and quite novel claim made by Herr Bleibtreu, that the true author is Roger, Earl of Rutland. Of course this absurd conjecture will have its short and loquacious life, and will then recede into deserved oblivion. It is really not worth serious discussion. Two or three leading facts are sufficient to dispose of it. This Earl was born in 1576 and died in 1612. A short life of 36 years, in which history records nothing indicative of literary performance, may be enough for the production of Shakespeare by a suitably endowed author, but it is very short commons, and a vast amount of proof would be required for its establishment. No one who died in 1612 can have had anything to do with the 1623 Folio, which bears unmistakable traces of recent compilation. All the evidence which Dr. Bleibtreu produces in support of Rutland are very much more applicable to Bacon, and the shreds of argument which he alleges against Bacon are simply twenty times refuted fallacies. All his statements of "what is certainly known" about William Shakspere contain several very debatable points—for instance, that "he kept his regular seat at the Mermaid Tavern." As a matter of fact there is no real unimpeachable evidence that William Shakspere ever entered that renowned drinking saloon, or that he swallowed any of its liquor, either soberly or excessively. And what proof is there that the "third-class actor" was an "intimate bosom friend of Southampton and Essex?" All these highly important and, for Shakespearean purposes necessary, biographic details start from small, insignficant facts, or rumours, or fancies, or traditions, and by a miraculous process of multiplication the five barley loaves and two small fishes which a 16th century lad has brought in his basket (labelled tradition), are so expanded as to supply a feast for the thousands of hungry Shakspeareans whose appetite cannot be appeased by the few stale crumbs actually available for their sustenance.

It is worthy of remark that the essentially ephemeral character of these guesses serves most emphatically to accentuate the enduring character of the Baconian theory. This alone comes to stay; all the rest fret and fume for a few short days and then vanish, for the most part never to return. Also it seems to us clear that the tone of our opponents is becoming softened, less shrill and shrieking, less confident, less ferocious. Often persiflage takes the place of invective, and that is the first step towards honest debate on a free and impartial stage. What begins with persiflage is likely to end with persuasion.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE

IN the year 1600 there was published in small quarto a play with the following title, "The first part of the true and honorable history of Sir John Oldcastle the good Lord Cobham—As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honorable the Earl of Nottingham Lord High Admirall of England his servants—Written by William Shakespeare—London printed for T. P."; and the volume was duly registered with the Stationers' Company. In the same year there was published another version of the same play with a somewhat varied title as follows, "The first part of the true and honourable historie of the life of Sir John Oldcastle the good Lord Cobham. Lond. printed by V. S. for Thomas Pavier," and this volume was also registered with the Stationers' Company; perhaps the most remarkable difference between the two versions being that, although bearing the same date, the latter is anonymous and the former is stated to be by William Shakespeare; and further, the anonymous version contains many superior readings and additional lines not in the version bearing William Shakespeare's name. As is well known, this play was not reprinted in either of the first two folio editions of the Shakespeare plays, and has therefore commonly been classed as spurious, together with six other plays that originally appeared with the name "William Shakespeare" on the title-page, and were similarly excluded from the early folios, but it was contained in the third folio published in 1664, together with the other so-called spurious plays, and in the fourth folio published in 1685, and some later editions of the Shakespeare plays have also included these doubtful plays.

It is difficult to understand the reasons why "Sir John Oldcastle" has not been generally attributed to

the author of the other plays beyond the *prima facie* evidence afforded by the fact that the plays contained in the first two folios were certified to be Shakespeare's by the somewhat transparent statements in the Preface signed with the names of Heminge and Condell. This Preface has been frequently pulverised by the weapons of the Baconians; but, to look at it for the moment from the Shakespearean point of view, does it not seem to be a somewhat weak prop to rest upon? Although people seem to think the statements in the Preface imply that the folio plays are the only plays from the pen of Shakespeare, there is no explicit statement to this effect; and further, the belief in this implication lands the holders in this difficulty, namely, that they are forced to admit that there were at least two persons writing plays and publishing them under the name of William Shakespeare. The Baconians might press this point of advantage and ask whether it is not possible that one of these writers might be Bacon; but one can readily assume that this would not be conceded. In spite of the fact that "Sir John Oldcastle" is contained in the third folio, to which the Prefaces of the earlier folios are attached, the play is classed as anonymous in the volumes of reprints published in 1810 under the title "Ancient British Drama," said to be edited by Sir Walter Scott.

Baconians have learned to regard such *prima facie* evidence as the preface to the folios as a matter to be by no means accepted without hesitation, and we are therefore free to examine the play in question with unbiassed minds, and to endeavour to ascertain whether it is from the same master-hand to which we attribute the other Shakespeare plays.

To come to the point at once, I may say I am strongly inclined to believe that it is a production of the Baconian workshop, though the fact that the

two versions were published together raises some difficult questions.

In the first place it is, I submit, more reasonable to compare this play with the early quarto editions of the generally recognised Shakespeare plays than with the folio versions of those plays; for I take it first that the quarto editions more nearly approximated to the acting versions than did the folio editions; and, secondly, that the folio editions were re-written and made more poetical in order to become part of the permanent literature of the country, or even to convey and perpetuate the secret information which some of our members claim to have discovered in them. If this view be correct, we cannot look so deeply into a play that was merely or mainly written for the stage, and we must therefore, as I said, compare it with the early quartos of the generally recognised Shakespeare plays. And when we do this I think we find that "Sir John Oldcastle" cannot be fairly said to stand on a lower plane than many of the other plays. To take a rapid glance at the subject: The period was, we can see, one of considerable interest to Bacon. We have from his pen Richard II., Henry IV. (Parts I. and II.), and Henry V. In "Sir John Oldcastle" some of the same persons appear as in these other plays, though, if we are to recognise Oldcastle in the person of Falstaff, it must be admitted that the character is treated very differently in the different plays.

This point is certainly a curious one, and should be particularly interesting to Baconians, because Oldcastle, having been a prominent Lollard or follower of Wycliffe, he was naturally regarded with opprobrium while Roman Catholicism was in the ascendancy; and, in depicting him in history or on the stage, there was consequently a tendency to exaggerate his defects or even to invent faults for him; whereas, when the

Protestant religion was established, he immediately became a hero and a saint and was so depicted, as, for instance, in the account of his life by Bishop Bale and in the poem by John Weever.

Now Bacon, being an upholder of the Protestant form of Christianity, it is somewhat strange to find him travestying Oldcastle in the character of Falstaff, and at the same time describing him, as we may suppose the man more nearly was in the play bearing his name. This I regard as some evidence of Baconian authorship, for we may suppose that Bacon would naturally admire the character of such a man as Oldcastle, and, having been led perhaps by pecuniary exigencies into writing a play in which Oldcastle sustains the part of buffoon, the author, to make amends to him, writes another play, in which he now becomes the hero, and we are told in the prologue—

> "It is no pampered glutton we present
> Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin
> But one whose virtue shone above the rest
> A valiant martyr and a virtuous peer,
> In whose true faith and loyalty, expressed
> Unto his sovereign and his country's weal
> We strive to pay that tribute of our love
> Your favours merit."

Again, the fact that the author is a Protestant is emphasized by the cunning and deceitful character of the Bishop of Rochester, as depicted in the play, and also in the licentiousness of Sir John, the parson of Wrotham, both of whom were, of course, Roman Catholics.

It is an interesting fact that the only quarto edition of the Henry IV. play was published in the same year as "Sir John Oldcastle," viz., 1600.

Both the First and Second Parts of King Henry IV. contain slight allusions to Falstaff as a travesty on

Oldcastle, and in the Epilogue to the Second Part we have the following:—"If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

This reminds one of some of the thin disguises of latter-day political lampoons.

It may be remarked that at the same period there lived a warrior and landowner, named Sir John Fastolf, whose career bore some resemblance to that of Falstaff, as depicted in the Henry IV. plays, so that attempts to identify the characters of the plays, with actual originals, prove somewhat illusive. This is not surprising, for a great artist in any branch of art is a creator, using his original or model merely as a guide or groundwork, by the help of which he elaborates the ideal from his own imagination; and it was peculiarly Bacon's genius to add to and improve upon the rough sketches of his predecessors.

We have also in the Oldcastle play an allusion to the Falstaff, Peto and Poins of the Henry IV. plays, and more than one scene in both the Oldcastle and Henry IV. plays is laid in the neighbourhood of Gadshill, in Kent.

In the First Part of Henry IV. we have the Prince in disguise with Pointz, robbing Falstaff and his companions of the booty which the latter had just stolen from the travellers, and in the Oldcastle play we have the young King in disguise being robbed of his money by Sir John, the parson of Wrotham, and afterwards winning it back from him at play.

Near to Gadshill is Cobham Hall and Park, now the property of the Earl of Darnley. In the reign of

Edward III it belonged to John de Cobham, from whom it descended to his daughter Joan; this lady is said to have had five husbands, one of whom was Sir John Oldcastle.

The references to St. Albans and the Hertford Assizes, and Dunstable and other places in the neighbourhood, give Baconian colour to the play. We also have several legal processes described accurately, and we have a genealogy in blank verse that reminds us of the Shakespeare plays.

We will now turn for a few minutes to the historic accounts of Sir John Oldcastle, and the following from Green's *Short History* may serve as an example:—

"The weakness which was produced by Henry IV.'s ill success in the West, as well as these constant battlings with disaffection within the realm, was seen in the attitude of the Lollards. Lollardry was far from having been crushed by the Statute of Heresy. The death of the Earl of Salisbury in the first of the revolts against Henry's throne, though his gory head was welcomed into London by a procession of abbots and bishops, who went out singing psalms of thanksgiving to meet it, only transferred the leadership of the party to one of the foremost warriors of the time, Sir John Oldcastle, who had previously served with the armies against the French. If we believe his opponents, and we have no information about him save from hostile sources, he was of lowly origin, and his rise must have been due to his own capacity and services to the Crown. In his youth he had listened to the preaching of Wyclif, and his Lollardry—if we may judge from its tone in later years—was a violent fanaticism. But this formed no obstacle to his rise in Richard's reign; his marriage with the heiress of that house made him Lord Cobham, and the accession of Henry of Lancaster, to whose

cause he seems to have clung in these younger days, brought him fairly to the front. His skill in arms found recognition in his appointment as Sheriff of Herefordshire and as Castellan of Brecknock, and he was among the leaders who were chosen in later years for service in France. His warlike renown endeared him to the King, and Prince Henry counted him among the most illustrious of his servants. The favour of the royal house was the more notable that Oldcastle was known as 'leader and captain' of the Lollards. His Kentish castle at Cowling served as the headquarters of the sect, and their preachers were openly entertained at his houses in London or on the Welsh border. The Convocation of 1413 charged him with being 'the principal receiver, favourer, protector, and defender of them; and that, especially in the dioceses of London, Rochester, and Hereford, he hath sent out the said Lollards to preach . . . and hath been present at their wicked sermons, grievously punishing with threatenings, terror, and the power of the secular sword such as did withstand them, alleging and affirming among other matters that we, the bishops, had no power to make any such Constitutions,' as the provincial Constitutions in which they had forbidden the preaching of unlicensed preachers. The bold stand of Lord Cobham drew fresh influence from the sanctity of his life. Though the clergy charged him with the foulest heresy, they owned that he shrouded it 'under a veil of holiness.' What chiefly moved their wrath was that he 'armed the hands of laymen for the spoil of the Church.' The phrase seems to hint that Oldcastle was the mover in the repeated attempts of the Commons to supply the needs of the State by a confiscation of Church property. . . . But a direct sympathy with Lollardism was seen in the further proposals of the Commons. They prayed for the abolition of episcopal

jurisdiction over the clergy and for a mitigation of the Statute of Heresy.

"The removal of Archbishop Arundel from the Chancellorship, which was given to Henry Beaufort, of Winchester, was among the first acts of Henry V., and it is probable that this blow at the great foe of the Lollards gave encouragement to the hopes of Oldcastle, who pressed his opinions on the young King. . . . The suspicions of Henry's favour to the Lollard cause . . . only spurred the bold spirit of Arundel to energetic action. A council of bishops gathered in the summer to denounce Lollardry, and at once called on Henry to suffer Oldcastle to be brought to justice. The King pleaded for delay in the case of one who was so close a friend, and strove personally to convince Lord Cobham of his errors. All, however, was in vain, and Oldcastle withdrew to his castle of Cowling, while Arundel summoned him before his court and convicted him as a heretic. His open defiance at last forced the King to act. In September a body of royal troops arrested Lord Cobham and carried him to the Tower; but his life was still spared, and after a month's confinement his imprisonment was relaxed on his promise of recantation. Cobham, however, had now resolved on open resistance. He broke from the Tower in November, and from his hiding-place organised a vast revolt. At the opening of 1414 a secret order summoned the Lollards to assemble in St. Giles's Fields outside London. . . . From Cobham's later declarations it is probable that the pretext of the rising was to release Richard, whom he asserted to be still alive, and to set him again on the throne. But the vigilance of the young King prevented the junction of the Lollards within the city with their confederates without, and these, as they appeared at the place of meeting, were dispersed by the royal troops.

"The failure of the rising only increased the rigour of the law. Magistrates were directed to arrest all heretics and hand them over to the bishops, a conviction of heresy was made to entail forfeiture of blood and estate, and the execution of thirty-nine prominent Lollards as traitors gave terrible earnest of the King's resolve to suppress their sect. Oldcastle escaped, and for four years longer strove to rouse revolt after revolt. He was at last captured on the Welsh border and brought to London and burned as a heretic." This was in the year 1417, or 1418.

It may be said that Hume's account is similar, and the playwright has evidently read Holinshed, though for dramatic effect he depicts Oldcastle as informing the King of the plot of the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, and Sir Thomas Grey, whereas this plot was in fact disclosed to the King by Edmund Earl of March.

Sir John Oldcastle was also a literary man. He wrote "Twelve Conclusions addressed to the Parliament of England"; he also edited the works of Wycliffe, and was the author of several religious tracts and discourses.

Turning back to the poem on Sir John Oldcastle, published in 1601, commonly attributed to John Weever, and knowing that the play of *Julius Cæsar* was not published until 1623, it is remarkable to find in the poem stanza No. 4 as follows:—

> "The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?
> Man's memory, with new forgets the old,
> One tale is good until another's told."

The reading of this verse will suggest to many Baconians that here we have another product of the

master's hand, but there may perhaps be other explanations of the similarity of language used in this poem and the play of *Julius Cæsar*. In subsequent stanzas of the same poem we have a description of the battle of Shrewsbury and Hotspur is described as hot on the spur, and Percy as piercing the eye; and later on we have the word "bacon" evidently dragged in for a purpose. We also have an allusion to the River Weever in Cheshire, which seems to indicate that the ostensible author of the poem is not the real author. It would be interesting to enquire whether he was one of Bacon's masks. The verses which seem to suggest this are as follows:—

"Through many bywaies, many countries fled
In midst of Cheshire now I am on a river,
By more crookt winding which her current led,
Then I had gone by-wayes; her name the Weever:
On whose prowde banke such entertaine I had,
As longer, if I might, I would have staid.

Still doe I wander by the banks of Weever,
With gorgeous buildings stately ritch adorned:
Buildings the banks, and banks outbrave the River,
Shee swells o're banks and buildings, them she scorned,
Limits there be for every thing beside,
No banks can limit in the sea of pride."

The author appears to express annoyance at the pride of the River Weever. This is unreasonable; but it may be that the real author is annoyed at the airs assumed by the ostensible author, John Weever, and we naturally look for a prior publication to find the cause for the assumption of airs. Such a publication we find to have been produced two or three years earlier, entitled "Epigrammes in the oldest cut and newest fashion," by John Weever. In this rare volume we have verses referring to Shakespeare, Spenser, Drayton, and other contemporary poets, and in

perusing them the question suggests itself—Was this an output of the Baconian workshop? One epigram consists of laudatory lines on the actor Edward Allen, or Alleyn, as the name is more usually spelt; these have a decidedly Baconian flavour. The lines on Shakespeare have frequently been quoted; they commence as follows:—

> "Honie tong'ed Shakespeare when I saw thine issue
> I swore Apollo got them and none other,"

and they go on to refer to *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*.

The publication of the two volumes referred to certainly raises some interesting questions which are not easy to solve. It is suggestive that we find Weever in later life living in Clerkenwell Close. One of the earliest records of the life of Sir John Oldcastle is the "Chronicle of England," by John Capgrave, an Augustinian friar who lived from 1393 to 1464. In this work Oldcastle's valour is naturally esteemed more highly than are his moral qualities. The autograph copy of this book is in the Cambridge University Library.

We may note that Bishop Bale's book, which he calls "A brefe Chronicle concerning the Examinacion and Death of the blessed Martir in Christ Sir Johan Oldcastell the Lord Cobham," has been reprinted in the first volume of the "Harleian Miscellany." The tone of the book may be judged from the fact that the author refers to the Pope as "that execrable Antichrist of Rome the Devil's own vicar." The trial of Oldcastle before the Archbishop is recorded in the State Trials.

Since the above was written the writer has had the satisfaction of finding that his views as to the authorship of the play of "Sir John Oldcastle" coincide with those of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, who has recently

drawn attention to the fact that the name "S. Albans" appears on the two consecutive pages numbered 53 in the version of the play contained in the third folio.

E. Basil Lupton.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

"Mr. Char."

In his article "Author and Actor-Manager," Mr. Woodward introduces to our notice a "Diary" of Bacon's, which is new to me. Where is it to be found? There is a reference in it to a "Mr. Char." whom he identifies with "Shaksper," as "at Stratford 'Shaksper' was sometims written 'Chaksper.'"

I am not aware of this fact. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare" (5th edition, pp. 449, 450), gives every entry of the name in the Stratford register, and in no case is it spelt with a capital "C." In my opinion the "Char." is simply a contraction for "Challoner," which is stated to appear elsewhere in the "Diary" as "Chal."

Geo. Stronach.

Mr. Parker Woodward, in Baconiana for October, quoted an entry made by Bacon, dated August 6, 1608, beginning as follows: "To have a note from Mr. Char. of ye new inventions." And he argues that it meant a letter from Shaksper. As if the illiterate man could write! Furthermore, at that time Shaksper was engaged in bringing suits for paltry sums. Nor is there any evidence that he was in London after 1596 until 1613.

"Washn., D.C. Wm. Henry Burr."

The above having been shown to me, may I add a few words? In the Diary, Sir Thos. Challoner is twice referred to as Sr. Th. Chal. This, I think, excludes him. But the entry "Mr. Char." may refer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, elsewhere in the Diary noted as Mr. Chancellor. The point is not very important, though at present I hold to my surmise.

Mr. R. G. White, in "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare," writes: "In the irregular phonographic spelling of antiquity the name appears sometimes as Chacksper and Shaxpur." Mr. Stronach objects to the term Diary. Perhaps I should have said note-book. As to Mr. Burr's comment, may I say that a note (or report) need not be made in writing. I think the fact that Shakspere bought property in London as late as 1613 is an indication that he was frequently there from 1596 onwards.

Parker Woodward.

Spurious Ciphers

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

YOUR correspondent, "R.A.S.," reproduces two supposed secret signatures of Bacon originally published in BACONIANA for October, 1892, as follows :—

> "B egun to tell me what I am ; but stopped
> A nd left me to a bootless inquisition,
> CON cluding, 'stay not yet.'"
>
> *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.

> "Then sigh not so,
> B ut let them go
> A nd be you blithe and bonny ;
> CON verting all your sounds of woe
> Into Hey nonny, nonny."
>
> *Much Ado*, act ii. sc. 3.

I would observe that the latter lines seem to have been juggled somewhat, for they appear in the 1623 Folio as follows :—

> " Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
> And be you blithe and bonnie ;
> Converting all your sounds of woe," etc.

There seems to be a decided flaw in this "Bacon."

The lines from the *Tempest* appear correctly, but unless many such combinations could be found—at least one in each play—it would be very rash to call that a cipher which is evidently an ordinary coincidence. Let us have ciphers, by all means, but let us have genuine ones.

H. C. F.

"Eclipse Endured"

I AM greatly obliged to Mr. Hunt for his courteous correction of my mistake in attributing Bacon's reference in *Henry VII.* to Queen Elizabeth instead of to the Queen Dowager. It was a slip on my part. But the crux still remains. The purpose of my query was—as I had previously put it to *Notes and Queries* without eliciting any reply—to ascertain if any Elizabethan scholar, Mr. Bayley included, could give a third use of the epithet "Eclipse endured" beyond the two uses I instanced in Bacon and Shakespeare. We have "eclipse" mentioned over and over again, but not "eclipse endured."

Both Mr. Hunt and my friend, Professor Dowden, I think, misread the meaning of the word "endured" in the days of Elizabeth and James. Then it meant "suffered." "Death is common enough," Mr. Hunt says; but if you "suffer" death, where are you? Dead, generally and naturally.

Bacon was greatly impressed by ordinary eclipses of the moon, as Mr. Hunt shows. But I have always believed that in Sonnet 107 Shakespeare (or Bacon) referred to the death of Queen Elizabeth. Here I have with me George Brandes, Gerald Massey, George Wyndham (partially) and—Sidney Lee! In the famous Sonnet, "the *mortal* moon" is referred to as enduring (suffering) an eclipse. As the last-named "authority" says:—"Cynthia (*i.e.*, the moon) was the Queen's recognised appellation. It is thus that she figures in the verse of Barnfield, Spenser, Fulke Greville, and Raleigh, and her elegists involuntarily followed the same fashion," among them Petowe, and the various contributors to the volumes entitled *Sorrowes Joy* (Cambridge, 1603) and *England's Morning Garment* (London, 1603). All I contend for is that "mortal moon" refers to Queen Elizabeth, and, *pace* Mr. Bayley, that none but Bacon and Shakespeare ever associated the word "eclipse" with the word "endure" in connection with the "moon."

GEORGE STRONACH.

Moving Woods

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

DEAR SIR,—In my readings the other day I came across an historical event that may have been the foundation of the striking incident in *Macbeth* where the Witch prophecies that "Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him."

In an old history called *The Lives of the three Norman Kings of England*, by Sir John Heyward, 1613, one finds the following:—

"Further, by the counsel of Stigand Archbishop of Canterbury, and of Eglesine Abbot of St. Augustine's, who at that time were the chief governors of Kent, as the King (William the Conqueror) was riding towards Dover, at Swanscombe, two miles from Gravesend the Kentishmen came towards him armed and bearing boughs in their hands as if it had been a moving wood; they enclosed him upon the sudden, and with a firm countenance, but words well tempered with modesty and respect, they demanded of him the use of their ancient liberties and laws. . . . Pledges were given on both sides, and the County of Kent and the Castle of Dover were yielded into his power."

This incident of the moving wood was woven into a ballad that became very popular, by Thomas Deloney, who had been a silk weaver till he took to literature as a profession, and whose scarce volumes, with their quaint illustrations, are much prized in Libraries.

The ballad must have been written about 1600. Here are a few of the verses "to the tune of Rogero."

When as the Duke of Normandy
With glist'ning spear and shield
Had enter'd into fair England
And foil'd his foes in field.
On Christmas day in solemn sort
Then he was crowned here
By Albert archbishop of York
With many a noble peer.

. . . .

And many cities he subdued
Fair London with the rest
But Kent did still withstand his force
And did his laws detest.

. . . .

Thus did the Kentish commons cry
Unto their leaders still
And so marched forth in warlike sort
And stand at Swanscomb Hill.

. . . .

For when they spiéd his approach
In place as they did stand
Then marchéd they, to hem him in,
Each one a bough in hand!

So that into the conqueror's sight
Amazéd as he stood
They seemed to be a walking grove,
Or else a moving wood.

The shape of men he could not see
The boughs did hide them so
And now his heart for fear did quake
To see a forest go.

But when the Kentish men had thus
Enclosed the conqueror round
Most suddenly they drew their swords
And threw the boughs to ground.

This ballad is called "The valiant courage and policy of the Kentishmen with long tails," whereby they kept their ancient laws and customs which the Conqueror sought to take from them.

I suppose the Kentish men, being mostly sailors, wore their hair in a "long tail" tied with ribbon, in the shape of a "queue."

Malone considers *Macbeth* must have been written about 1606, which would be a date at which the ballad was popular.

Yours truly, A. CHAMBERS BUNTEN.

AN OMISSION.—*The valuable article on "The Lover's Complaint," which appeared in Nos. 15 & 16, was from the pen of* MR. F. C. HUNT.